THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 12. J. J. BURKE, EDITOR & PUBLISHER. Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Nov. 20, 1890. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

HOLIDAY GOODS ARE NOW ARRIVING AT C. O. FOLTZ'

ONE WEEK ONLY.

FOR $2,99.

DUBER SILVERINE CASE,



AN AMERICAN ELEVEN JEWEL, NICKEL WATCH, IN A KEY WINDING OPEN FACE WATCHES!!!

L. W. LEWIS, JEWELER,

ANTIOCH, - - - - ILLINOIS.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
No. 5, 5,07 P. M.	• No.2 4,58 A. M.
No. 7, 10,38 A. M.	No.6, 11,58 A. M
No. 9, 7,10 P. M.	No. 8, 6,47 P. M
• No. 1, 12.39 A. M.	No. 10, 7,35 A. M.

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.

Reference mark • Stop on signal.

During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily betwee Chicago an Waukesha, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

Antioch Home News.

Attend the Thanksgiving ball in this village.

Jerome Story has moved into his new building on Main St.

Addrew Herman Jr. returned from Dakota on Friday last.

J. C. James & Son have been fitting up their new store during the past week.

Messrs Williams Bros. have had a new brick foundation laid under their hay scales.

Messrs James Quin and Henry Ling of Richmond Ill. were callers at this office Friday last.

Our Jeweler is building up a good trade in this village and in the surrounding country. Give him a call.

R. Johonnott has been moving into the house, recently purchased of Jerome Story, during the past week.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal*, to new subscribers, one year for $1.80.

The plasterers have Williams Bros. new store in hand and will give it a thorough coat of plaster and a hard finish.

A number of loads of gravel have been placed in some of the worst mud puddles on the streets, yet there is room for more.

The carpenters have finished work on the interior of Ben Stone's store and the painters have been busy decorating the same during the past week.

A number of the I. O. O. F. of this village attended a meeting held at Waukegan on Friday last for the purpose of organizing a lodge in that place.

C. O. Foltz was in the city a few days last week selecting goods for the holiday trade. Watch for his announcement in a future issue of the NEWS.

Bro. Bradbury now prints h's paper by steam power. This is an unmistakable sign of prosperity and we can but wish him an abundance of success.

At the foreclosed Chattle Mortgage sale at the place of David Van Patten on last Thursday, buyers seemed rather shy and prices ruled ruinously low.

We notice many strange faces on our streets daily. This shows that people from a distance, as well as those nearer home, are beginning to find out that they can do their shopping here to better advantage than elsewhere.

Send in your subscriptions.

Geo. Grice returned from Springfield Saturday last.

Auction sales are getting to be almost every day occurences in this vicinity.

Mr. N. Pullen will erect a house and barn on his lot in Bocks addition to Antioch in the near future.

The Teachers meeting held in this village on Saturday was quite largely attended considering the unpleasantness of the day.

This has been an exceedingly fine fall for out door work and farmers have not been backward in taking advantage of it in pushing their fall work on to completion.

LOST: At or near passenger depot, Lake Villa, a pocket bag containing an amount of money, finder will be suitably rewarded by returning same to W. A. Danforth, Lake Villa.

William Patterson, of Michigan, an old acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Van'Patten, was in our village Thursday, on matters connected with Michigan real-estate.

Now that President Harrison has set aside the 27th of this month as a day for giving thanks, it will not be out of place for editors to begin looking out for a turkey to celebrate with.

We understand that the exchange of Mr. Chinn's Wisconsin farm for city property with one Caise of Chicago, fell through, the latter gentleman failing to live up to his agreements.

On last Thursday, Mr. Geo. L Stewart received an appointment in the United States Sub. Treasury at Chicago, under Gen. Dustin. The position is a responsible one and the appointment is a good one.—*Gazette.*

Fears are entertained by many of the ice men that this will be an open winter and that very little ice will be harvested. If this should prove to be the case it will cost the denizens of our large cities a neat little sum to "keep cool" next summer.

The men who have charge of the construction gang now working on the grade from Cross Lake to the Wis. Cent. track, have laid off a few of their men for a while, not having work enough to keep the entire force busy. The work of building the new ice house will soon commence.

Who has not heard tell of a "log cabin" on wheels? Well, the loyal democrats of Burlington went this "one better". At their recent jollification. they had a "little red school house" on wheels. Surrounding the building was a strip of green sward on which was seated about a dozen school girls studying their lessons.

There will be a grand Musical Concert, a combination of the best talent of Lake Villa, Millburn and Antioch, at the Centennial Church on Friday evening Nov. 21st 1890. No time nor expense will be spared in making this entertainment a success, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to be present. Admission: Adults 25 cents, children 15 cents.

There will be a dance at Grange Hall Nov. 27.

Mr. A. H. Kruckman of Wilmot was a caller at our office Saturday last.

All kinds of job work neatly done at this office. Prices as low as the lowest.

L. Graves has rented and will occupy the house just vacated by R. Johonnott.

Messrs Wm. Tiffany, D. Williams Jr. and Edd Rogers have gone to Waukegan to work.

S. B. Russell intends to start for Chicago within a few days. His family will remain in this village.

L. Graves moved his household effects into the house just vacated by R. Johonnott, on Monday of this week.

That shining gravel makes us wish that we had about 1000 loads of it on our throughfares every time we see it.

H. Bock went to Waukegan on business in connection with the sale of his lots north of this village, on Saturday last.

Kenosha is fast forging to the front as a pugilistic town. Thomas Fitzgerald of that place recently signed articles with a party unknown for a two ounce glove contest to a finish. Stakes $100.

Our carpenters have been at work all fall in this village and it is quite likely that they will still have work enough to keep them busy for the greater part of the winter, if the weather permits.

Mr. Henry Hunter and Miss Stella Colegrove both of this vicinity were married in Chicago on the 15th inst. Their numerous friends extend congratulations and wish them a peaceful voyage through life.

Mr. Ben Stone moved his household effects to this village on Saturday last and will occupy the house belonging to J. Story, near the lumber yard. He expects to open up his store the fore part of the coming week.

There will be a Thanksgiving ball at Rogers' hall in this village on Thursday evening Nov. 27th, 1890. Music will be furnished by the celebrated Waukesha Orchestra. Neither time nor expense will be spared in making this occasion a grand success.

Mr. M. Howard has opened up his furniture store on Lake Avenue and has on hand a stock of furniture that for elegance and durability would be hard to beat. There is plenty of room in our village for enterprise and Mr. Howard's many friends wish him an abundance of success.

On Thursday of last week while tending a feed cutting machine Mr. Will Evans, of Trevor, met with a very serious accident. The machine not working right Mr. Evans in attempting to fix it, caught his arm in the gearing and before it could be stopped his hand was drawn underneath the blades of the knife and severed below the wrist. Drs. Ames and Bacon were speedily summoned and dressed the wounded member and at last report the patient was getting along nicely.

The members of the I. O. G. T. will give a Shoe Social at Chinn's hall on Friday evening Nov. 28th. By "shoe social" is meant an entertainment at which the ladies stand in a row behind a curtain and let the tip of their shoe protrude underneath it. Each gentleman present selects the shoe that suits his fancy and attaches thereto his name on a piece of paper. This entitles him to escort the owner to supper. Ladies are requested to bring supper for two. Proceeds to go to benefit of Lodge.

Trade is booming in this village.

Henry Grimm made a trip to Chicago on Monday of this week.

Thus far no large shipments of fowl have been made from this place.

Mrs. Turner has started a lady's furnishing store in the rooms underneath this office.

Messrs Jim French and B. F. VanPatten returned from their southern trip last week.

Milk shippers seem quite well pleased with the prices paid for milk in the city, and many will continue shipping during the entire winter.

Be sure and attend the grand opening of Ben Stone & Co's new store Tuesday Nov. 25th as big bargains will be offered. You will miss it if you fail to attend.

Riley Olcott recently sold a hog to Mr. F. Pitman of this village for $28.00. At the time of sale Mr. Olcott had on hand two hogs for which Mr. Pitman offered him $56. This is a pretty good figure for pork.

A fellow up in Wisconsin has just patented a pneumatic milker. The time is fast coming when the farmer can lay in bed on a cold frosty morning and send his patent machine out to the barn in his stead to do the milking and feed the stock.

With three general stores, a grocery store, two furniture stores, two butcher shops, a hardware store, a drug store, a tin shop and three blacksmith shops located within her borders, it is no wonder that Antioch is becoming the best trading point in Lake county.

There will be a Thanksgiving dance at Kine's hall, Fox Lake, Thursday, evening Nov. 27th. Tickets including supper $1.50. All are cordially invited to attend.

LEE NELSON & J. GRAHAM
Managers.

GRASS LAKE.

Dick Briggs will work the Tecker farm next year.

Mrs. John Effinger has been quite ill the past week.

Ira Soules shipped a car load of hogs to Chicago Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Herman Jr. arrived last week from North Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Edd Lux of Wadsworth spent Sunday at Rob Selters.

Mrs. Wm. Soules is entertaining her sister and family of Rochester, N. Y.

Chas. Herman will erect a very large addition to his summer resort this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Wilton of Lake Villa spent Sunday calling on old feiends here.

Willie Ramaker Jr. returned to his home near Sheboygan, Wis. after spending the summer at his uncle Wm. Ramakers.

C. B. Little is grading with I wheeler on the new ice house north of Antioch. There are fourteen teams in all at work there.

Report says that eight new cottages will be erected on the south side of Bluff Lake, with electric lights, telephone etc. So we boom.

Ira Soule is here from Dakota to see after his farm. He has been the guest of his brother and sister Wm. Soules and Mrs. Wm. Allen Sr.

Capt. Geo. Paddock and family have gone to Sonomon, Ill. to their winter home. They will return next spring to propel the swift little "Aggie" as usual.

C. M. Coulter is doing quite a business in the tree line, —between $75 and $80 per week. He took in the meeting of the I. O. O. F. at Waukegan last Friday. His report was that everything came off "boss." He has been boarding for the past six weeks at C. B. Little's.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.
Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1....†12:45 a. m.	No. 2....• 4:52 a. m.
No. 3....†6:50 P. M.	No. 4....†8:03 a. m.
No. 5.... 5:14 P. M.	No. 6....•11:53 a. m.
No. 7.... 10:43 a. m.	No. 8 6:36 P. M.
No. 9.... 7:20 P. M.	No. 10 7:20 a. m.

• Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor Saturday nights.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAVER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

Mrs. Proctor is visiting her sister Mrs. Graves for a few days.

Miss Jennie Emmons was the guest of Miss Belle Graves Saturday.

Messrs Curtis & Orvis are putting in a new pair of scales at their store.

Mrs. Graves made a visit at her sons at Antioch Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Ketchum shipped a lot of sheep Monday morning to Chicago.

It has rained for seven Saturdays in succession here and should quit some time.

Henry Hunter took his best girl to Chicago last Saturday. Report says he was married.

Miss Hetta Stewart is taking music lessons in Chicago under one of the best Professors of music in Chicago.

Dr. Darby went to Chicago with the Shotliff boy of Wilmot and had an artificial foot fitted to his limb last week.

H. G Hanson is prepared to do all kinds of wagon repairing, having bought a set of tools and timber for the purpose.

Will Evans met with quite an accident last week, having his left hand cut off in a corn cutting machine. Drs. Ames and Bacon dressed the wound. He is doing well.

The butter factory has put in another seperator at Trevor, having more milk than one seperator can handle. They have put in an oil tester which gives each person his just proportion of butter.

Mr. Shields of Bristol had both his legs broken in a hay press last week. He got into the press for something and his horses started and the plunger caught him. The accident will lay him up for all winter.

Mr. Abdiel El'Kobar from Syria spent the night at the Cleveland House. He related many entertaining things in regard to his country. Such rich soil, and the lovliest fruit grew in great profusion and needed little care; peaches, cherries, apricots, strong grape vines with rich clusters, much larger and heavier than ours. Groves of the best coffee in the world grew on the hillside. All things were very cheap. He will close his business in one year and return to what he considers far superior to America.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Mr. Stone moves this week to Antioch.

Mr. Marsh and family are comfortably settled in their new home.

A beautiful assortment of plush goods and plaids may be seen at Mr. Strains store.

The Catholic Church of this place is looking much better of a coat of paint. Mr. John O'Maly did the work.

We are glad to see Mr. Jim French again on our streets and again sorry to see him trying to get around on crutches.

Mr. Lampe and his class will give their third Annual Recital at the Congregational Church Saturday of this week, Nov. 22nd. They will be assisted by Miss Annie Lichtenberg, the famous soprano of Chicago, the Wilmot Band, and home talent.

AUCTION SALE!

As I am about to rent my farm I will sell at Public Auction, in the town of Antioch, at my premises in Lake Villa on

TUESDAY, NOV. 25th, 1890

at 10 o'clock a. m. the following property to-wit: 1 span bay horses 7 and 8 years old, 1 gelding horse 4 years old, 4 cows coming in in early spring, 1 two-year old heifer coming in, 2 yearling heifers, 1 yearling steer, 2 Spring calves, 30 ewes 5 years old, 27 young sheep, 3 fat hogs, 10 shoats, 1 set double harness nearly new, 1 new stone-boat, 1 mower, 5 cooly milk cans, 1 tank, 23 lambs ½ breed Merino, 1 Hoosier Seeder nearly new, 1 land roller, 1 sulky corn cultivator, 1 John Deere sod plow, 1 hog rack, 1 set bob sleighs, 1 lumber wagon, 1 wood rack, 3 stacks corn stalks, 15 to 20 tons tame hay in stacks, 400 bushels corn, 100 bushels oats, 1 set of leather fly nets good as new, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale:

All sums of $10 or under cash, on all sums over $10 12 months time will be given on good approved notes with interest at six per-cent.

CHARLES DARBY

A CHINN, Auctioneer.

PAY UP NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the firm of Brogan & Gray please call and settle at once.

BROGAN & GRAY.

NOTICE.

I am prepared to butcher cattle in good shape at 50 cents per head. Apply to A. EDGAR, *Butcher*,
Antioch, Illinois.

NOTICE!

Watches! Watches!!

All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per-cent. over wholesale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per-cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from $20 to $10. Please call and I will show you the net prices.

T. C. Richardson,
Antioch, Ill.

FARM FOR SALE.

I desire to sell my farm of 34 acres of improved land with good house, barn and out buildings, good fruit and plenty of soft and hard water. The house consists of 5 lower rooms and four rooms in chamber. Situated near the Grass Lake post office. The farm will be sold cheap. Apply to Asa Little, Grass Lake, Ills.

A LUCKY LADY.

MILAN, Tenn., Sep. 23rd.

Mrs. G. W. Combs, of Humbolt, Tenn. a former resident of this place, has recently fallen heir to half a million dollars left by her Scotch grandfather. She has forwarded proof of her relationship to the lawyers and will receive her inheritance to-day.—*Evening Mail and Express*, New York, Sep. 23rd, 1890.

We are Mrs. Combs' lawyers and by her seeing our advertisment became the agents of her good fortune. We have a number of similar claims in our hands and expect to gain them. If your ancestors came from the old country, write us and inclose 25 cents for reply. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain alone, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

EUROPEAN CLAIMS AGENCY,
59 Pearl Street, New York

BRAN,
MIDDLINGS,
-AND-
SCREENINGS,
IN CAR LOTS
-:- AT CHICAGO WHOLESALE PRICES. -:-

CHRISTIAN BRO'S, MILL CO'S
MINNEAPOLIS
FLOUR,
— FOR SALE —
AT VERY LOW FIGURES.
Williams Bros.
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Anthony S. Malley, a laborer, was buried under a falling embankment in Chicago. He was buried for twenty minutes and suffered a broken leg.

Officers attempted to arrest three burglars at Adrian, Mich., and a pitched battle ensued. Many shots were exchanged, but nobody was hit. The burglars escaped.

W. C. Plunkett, a traveling man, was shot in the arm while escaping from the residence of George S. Gunter at Wichita, Kas. When Gunter entered his home he saw Plunkett, a stranger to him, come out of his wife's bed-chamber, and before Plunkett could get away he was shot.

Philip T. Smith, a farmer living ten miles southeast of Canton, Ill., quarreled with his wife. After choking her he seized a Winchester rifle and shot her four times. He then got a revolver, went to his wife's body, lay down by her side, and blew out his brains. Jealousy was the cause of the crime.

John Keidel, a coal dealer, committed suicide in Chicago by shooting himself in the right ear with a 38-caliber revolver.

At Reddick, Fla., a shooting affray occurred in which two men were killed and three or four others mortally wounded. The trouble grew out of an attempt on the part of a drunken bully to take possession of the town and run it in cowboy style.

The Riverside foundry on Carter street, Cleveland, owned by Maher, Brayton & Co. was totally destroyed by fire. The loss is over $60,000, and the insurance $30,000. The fire started at a flask oven.

A disastrous fire occurred at Luthersburg, Pa., and destroyed every store but one in the town. Loss between $35,000 and $40,000, with little insurance.

A tremendous flow of water was struck in an artesian well being dug at Woonsocket S. D., at a depth of 780 feet. The flow is estimated at 4,000 gallons per minute. It is fully equal to the other great well at that place.

John Strickler, of Peoria, Ill., while out rabbit hunting near Eden with his nephew Harry, was accidentally shot and instantly killed.

The schooner Vine of Love has foundered off the Devonshire coast, England. Six persons were drowned.

Charley Jones, a brother of the Rev. Sam P. Jones, shot Jim Young, colored, three times on Main street, Cartersville, Ga. He died in twenty-five minutes. Jones is in jail.

Goldie, the 7-year-old daughter of Alfonso Langlois, a farmer living in Muskegon Co., Mich., was burned to death while playing around a bonfire.

Louis J. Camacho, a Cuban, committed suicide at Baltimore, Md.

On Press street, in New Orleans, a colored teamster found the right hand of a human being lying on the ground between two box cars of the Northeastern road. The impression is that an accident occurred somewhere on the road and that the hand clung to the truck and remained there until the cars reached New Orleans.

Peter McMahant, a laborer employed on a building at St. Paul, was killed by a brick tile falling from the eighth story and striking him on the head.

At Ann Arbor, Mich., students of the State university hanged the mayor in effigy. A number of arrests have been made on charges of participation in the killing of J. J. Dennison during the riot of a few days ago.

Judge David McLean, ex-president of the Savannah (Mo.) National bank, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for defrauding his depositors out of $100,000, which he devoted to his personal use.

Charles Schmidt, a 10-year-old boy at Cleveland, O., was leading a horse to water. He placed the halter-strap around his neck, the horse became frightened and ran away, and the boy was killed.

Quarrymen at Lima, O., had placed some dynamite on a stove to thaw. It became too warm and exploded, setting off twenty-five pounds of dynamite and the same amount of powder in the building. Three men were killed and three others were wounded.

Nov. 12, William Greevy, 70 years old, while crossing a street in Chicago was run over by a coal wagon, receiving injuries from which he has now died. He was a carpenter. Nothing is known of his family or friends. The driver of the team, George Schaefer, has been arrested.

The steambarge Messenger was burned at Rogers City, Mich. It was partly loaded with cedar. The lines were cut and it drifted off into the lake a total loss. It was valued at $10,000. Insured against fire for $7,000. The crew was taken to Cheboygan in the Flora.

A tailorshop and a grocery store were burned at the University of Virginia. Edward O'Hara, a tailor and an agent of Wanamaker of Philadelphia, was burned to death.

Willie Traub, the 15-year-old (Louisville, Ky.) boy who was shot with a Flobert rifle last week by Mrs. Mary Vogel because he came into her yard after a lost marble has died.

The Wellington Barracks of the Guards in London, England, were destroyed by fire. The fire originated in the quarters of the married soldiers. There were in the barracks a number of children suffering from measles, who were carried out. Two children, however, are missing, and it is feared that they perished.

Every house in the town of Cape Gracios has been blown down by a hurricane. News of the disaster was brought by the steamship Guane, eight days overdue at New Orleans.

Woodruff, who figured in the Cronin case as the driver of the white horse, is now in the county jail at Olathe, Kan., on a charge of horse stealing.

A train on the Union Pacific was wrecked near Cheyenne, Wyo. A number of lives were lost.

Several fights occurred between the police and soldiers at Galway, Ireland. The soldiers chased the police into their barracks.

At Biggs, Cal., the Hamilton hotel was destroyed by fire and John Beck perished in the flames.

A store at Lockport, N. Y., was burned and a man sleeping in the building was burned to death.

At Woodstock, Ont., Rex Birchall was hanged at the jail for the murder of Frederick C. Benwell. He died of strangulation.

The South Side passenger-train on the Long Island railway ran into the rear of the market train, which was standing near the depot at Jamaica, L. I. No one was killed, but a number were severely injured.

The safe in the store of A. B. Meyer, in New Orleans, was drilled and blown open and robbed of $4,000 in cash and $30,000 in bonds, notes, mortgages, and valuable documents. The job was the work of experts. No clew.

The tug J. W. Danforth burned at Duluth, Minn. Loss about $3,000. This is the fifth boat that has burned there and at Superior in the last ten days. The others were Free Trade, Ferry, Cora B., and James Bardon.

Fire started at Tiburon, Cal., from a defective flue in a restaurant. Among the buildings destroyed were the Tiburon Hotel, post-office, Corinthian Yacht Club house, and a dozen stores and houses. One hundred and fifty people are rendered homeless.

The Rev. Chester S. Armstrong, a Presbyterian minister of Jackson, died on the street of heart failure at Battle Creek, Mich.

Ramon Barboa, Sesario and Justo Apodaca and others assembled at a liquor store in Los Padillos, a small Mexican town, and a dispute arose over stealing cards. Apodaca jumped onto Barboa, and jabbing a dagger into the left side of his face cut him from ear to ear. The man lived only a few hours.

Mrs. Ochs, of Muskegon, Mich., put Paris green on some meat to poison the rats about the place, but before she could carry out her purpose her two-year-old daughter ate some of the stuff. The doctors hope to save the little one's life.

G. Campbell, of Merriam, was run over and instantly killed by a south-bound train at Olathe, Kan. Mr. Campbell was a prominent temperance lecturer.

A young child of Louis Gernant, of Kalamazoo, Mich., rolled under a feather bed and was smothered to death.

Nels Damm, a Muskegon, (Mich.,) butcher, attempted to hang a quarter of beef on a hook. He slipped and in turning to save himself the chair shot from under him and the hook penetrated the back of his neck and he hung there until rescued.

Miss Rijka Box, aged ninety years, and Mrs. Henrietta Baker, aged ninety-three years, the oldest residents of Grand Haven, Mich., died within half an hour of each other. They both came to Michigan from the Netherlands over fifty years ago, and had been friends ever since.

A melee among the university students in the postoffice at Ann Arbor, Mich., resulted rather sadly for six young men. Rushes among the members of various classes have recently been a not unusual occurrence, and matters culminated in a general row. Six of the most obstreperous students are now confined in jail.

A collision took place near the George station on the Edinburg suburban railway. Twelve persons were badly injured.

John Marach hid a brick under his coat and sneaked up on Jacob Rosinski at Chicago. Rosinski fired at Marach and the bullet hit the brick.

The Southern Pacific steamship Gussie, which was reported lost during the storm off the Nicaraguan coast Oct. 31, arrived at New Orleans.

Correspondet R. N. O'Brien, of Montreal, has been indicted on the charge of sending out dispatches to newspapers that Prince George, of Wales, participated in a street fight.

Christopher Copeland was arrested at Fitchburg, Mass., for the embezzlement of $1,200 from the Western Union Telegraph Company's Denver office.

William Garvey, a carpenter 70 years of age, was knocked down and run over by a heavy coal-wagon in Chicago. He will die.

A freight-train on the New York Central Road was derailed by an obstruction at One Hundred and Forty-first street, New York City. Some person or persons had tied a small tree to the rails with wire cables. The obstruction would have caused the complete wreck of any train going at high speed.

B. F. Roland, a laborer, fatally stabbed a man named Brooks near Boise City, Idaho.

Dominio Mazlana, an Italian, was found dead in Dallas, Tex., with a suspicious gash in his head. It developed that he was an outspoken enemy of the Mafia, and it is thought that the fraternity removed him.

John A. McFarland, the oldest banker in Boone county, Ia., made an assignment. The liabilities are $18,500, while the assets, mostly in real estate, foot up $40,000.

Diphtheria has appeared at Holland Mich., again. John Voschure has lost two, children recently.

Abel E. Chase, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Leon, Ia., died suddenly at his home. He was dressing his little daughter, and dropped dead without an instant's warning and without any struggle or pain.

The fatal explosion in the Dupont Powder Works, near Wilmington, Del., last month is now believed to have been caused by discharged employes.

Conductor Fry is in charge of a freight-train of the Wabash railroad. When near Baden, in North St. Louis, Mo., two masked men entered the caboose and drawing revolvers on the conductor told him to surrender his money. He produced $100, which they took.

The Osborn Engine and Boiler Manufacturing company of Hamilton, Ont., has failed.

John Bischoff, of Jersey City, who died of starvation, had property valued at $60,000, besides $10,000 in the bank. He lived the life of a miser.

Charles Suder, a sewing-machine agent was murdered by unknown men near Altoona, Pa.

Charles Pierre, a well-to-do negro of New Orleans, was murdered. His wife and his son-in-law have been arrested, charged with the crime.

Kate Condon, for years cook to the Vanderbilt family, hanged herself in her rooms in New York. Of late she had often spoken queerly and evidently drank considerably.

Dr. Delavan Bloodgood, director of the Naval Laboratory in the navy-yard, Brooklyn, was attacked in that city, felled to the ground with a piece of lead-pipe, and his watch and money stolen.

American drummers are required to pay a license of $50 in Victoria since the passage of the McKinley bill.

A remarkable coincidence is the death at Selma, Ia., of three pioneer citizens—William Birch, aged eighty-three; J. Walker, eighty-one, and Jacob Lefevre, one hundred and four. These three came to Iowa when the Indians still held possession and had lived in the state ever since. Their deaths occurred within a few minutes of each other.

East Tawas, Mich., voted to issue $10,000 in bonds to light the village with electricity.

Thomas Hunter dropped dead in the yard of his boarding house in Chicago. The police attribute Hunter's death to alcoholism.

Robert Steinman, while assisting in cutting out some cattle on his ranch, near Wichita, Kas., was fatally gored by a bull.

Dr. Boswell Gorham, a prominent physician and farmer and a veteran of the Confederate army, was shot and killed by a colored employe at his home near Lexington, Ky.

The schooner Ocean Wave has capsized in the lake about twelve miles out from Oswego, N. Y. The crew are supposed to be drowned.

FATAL TRAIN WRECK.

PASSENGERS KILLED OR INJURED IN A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Bold Robbers—Threw Pepper in His Eyes—Other Telegrams from All Points.

Smash-Up on the Pennsylvania.

A collision occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad, near New Florence, Pa., between the first and second sections of the Western express, killing two passengers and injuring eighteen others. The killed are:

HENRY D. MINOT, Boston.

MRS. S. H. ANGELL, Washington, D. C.

The injured are: R. S. Delaney and wife, Haymarket, Va.; J. F. Matthias, Baltimore; J. Hellman, Washington; William Rochester, New York; C. C. Hex, Providence, R. I.; Miss M. V. Kellogg, Richmond; J. W. Hill, Sunbury, Pa.; Henry McCormick, engineer, Ninevah; Dr. Wiehle, Mrs. Wiehle, L. A. Parrish, Quincy, Ill.; Miss M. Welfare, Cleveland; H. S. Hill, Pittsburg; Samuel Galle, New York; J. W. Weslie, Boston; Mrs. S. D. Williams, Cleveland; E. H. Tighe, Detroit; William Miller, Allegheny, Pa.

At least four of the injured, it is thought, will die. They were conveyed to houses in the vicinity and everything possible done to relieve their suffering. The uninjured passengers arrived in Pittsburg after some delay.

The accident was caused by the heavy fog, which prevented the engineer from seeing the first section in time to stop his train.

Poisoned by Her Mother.

The 6-year-old daughter of John Swanson of Topeka, Kas., is dead from the effects of a dose of laudanum given it by its mother. Mrs. Swanson has been ill for a long time, and she became demented. She has given up all hope of living, although the doctor says there is no immediate danger of death. She was constantly expressing regret that she would be compelled to leave her daughter behind when death claimed her, and determined to take her with her. She obtained some laudanum and during the night, without the knowledge of her husband, gave it to the child. Next morning when Mr. Swanson left home to go to work his wife told him the little one was asleep. To neighbors who called she denied admittance to the room where the lifeless body of the little girl lay. About 11 o'clock she sent for her husband, who at once called a physician, but the child had passed beyond all earthly assistance.

Railroad Accidents.

A passenger train going west on the Reading Railroad jumped the track at a frog, one mile east of Annville, Pa., and was thrown down a twelve foot embankment. Three passenger-cars and a baggage-car were turned over on their sides, but although the train was crowded no one was killed and only seven persons were hurt, all slightly, except Benjamin Kernlet, conductor, and Frank Pollack, baggagemaster, both of Reading, who were badly crushed, but not fatally injured.

The south-bound passenger train on the Northern Pacific ran off the bridge between Salem and Turner, Ore. Several passengers are reported to have been injured; some probably fatally. Particulars are meager.

Downfall of a Forger.

Albert H. Smith, the junior partner in the brokerage firm of Mills, Robeson & Smith at No. 93 Broadway, New York, is a prisoner at police headquarters, charged with over seventy forgeries, aggregating $350,000. Smith has acknowledged his guilt and has turned over all his property to W. A. Watson for the benefit of his creditors. The discovery of the forgeries, which cover a period of six years, was accidently made by a stock clerk in the employ of Mills, Robeson & Smith. In his confession Smith says he used the money obtained by his forgeries to reimburse customers of the firm who had lost money on his suggestions. Before his arrest he made a clean breast of his doings to his associates in the firm.

Fatal Railroad Accident.

Five lives were lost in an accident on the Canadian Pacific, between Claremont and Myrtle. A washout was reported on the road, and an engine, with five men, was dispatched to repair damages. Coming suddenly upon the break the engine plunged into a creek and all on board were drowned. The names of the dead men are: John Wanless, bridge inspector; John Attan, engineer; F. Oliver, fireman; Sectionmen Lott and Moriarty.

The evening and night trains to and from the East did not get through, and passengers were transferred at the gap. The body of Wanless was found next morning. He was a married man with three children.

A Fatal Wreck.

A wreck on the Chicago & Erie Road occured at Leveing's Switch, twenty-four miles west of Huntington, Ind. An east-bound freight was descending a steep grade at a rapid rate of speed when the rails spread and the engine turned over and twenty-two loaded freight cars went with it. The engineer Andrew Toohey, was killed. The fireman, R. E. Coppines, and Brakeman Percy Dickay received probably fatal injuries. After the cars had been ditched the wreck caught fire and a large amount of property was destroyed. The loss to the company, not counting probable damage suits, is over $20,000.

Murder at a Ball.

At a dance in Avondale, Fla., Nathan Terry and Washington Brown were paying marked attentions to the same girl and a quarrel resulted. Brown told Terry not to dance with the girl again, but the latter secured the next set with her. As they took their places on the floor Brown walked up and shot Terry twice through the body, killing him almost instantly. The murder broke up the ball but Brown was arrested and is in jail.

Resulted in Three Deaths.

While a number of machinists were moving an engine in the Jarecki manufacturing establishment in Erie, Pa., the mass fell and crushed two men fatally. James B. McSloy, a conspicuous member of the Mechanic's Fraternity, died in an hour, and S. Benson, a Swede, died later. Henry Sutter, a veteran in the navy, on learning the death of McSloy, who had been a warm friend, went home and shot himself through the head.

Whipped by White-Caps.

Franklin Burche, a well-known citizen of Indian Creek Township, Monroe county, Ind., was unmercifully beaten by White Caps. He and his wife were asleep when a mob of masked men burst the door open with a rail and entered the room, commanding Burche to follow them. His wife begged pitifully, but they made him go out a few yards from the house, where they beat him and threatened to kill him if he did not leave the country. Burche is about 45 years old and has always been regarded as a good citizen.

The Bloody Mafia.

By order of the Mafia Joseph Gazzolo, a citizen of St. Louis, has been condemned to death and has been duly and officially notified of the fact, if two letters received are what they purport and seem to be. One of these letters is addressed to "Joseph Gazzolo, 1109 Vandeventer avenue, St. Louis, Mo.," and the other, "Antonio Capestro, 561 North Thirteenth street." Capestro's letter was as follows:

By order of the Mafia: This is to inform you that the case of your relation, Joseph Gazzolo, has been tried and he has been found guilty. He has already been notified and will receive another warning, which will be the last. You had better advise him to do what is just to prevent the execution of his sentence which is certain to follow unless he proves by his future actions that he repents and makes restitution.

Capestro, terribly agitated, sent the letter to his wife, who immediately went to see her uncle, Mr. Gazzolo, the man upon whom, according to the letter, sentence of death had been passed. The Mafia had kept their promise, for Joseph Gazzolo had, by the same mail, received his letter from New Orleans. It reads:

Notice of Condemnation: You have been duly tried by the judicial tribunal and found guilty of many crimes charged against you, and sentenced. The order has been given for your execution. Repent, and prepare for a future state, as you will receive no further warning. This is by order of the Mafia.

Gazzolo said he had had some trouble with a Sicilian a few years ago about a wine bill and that the Sicilian had threatened to invoke the Mafia.

A Sporting Man Suicides.

Wesley P. Balch, the horseman, committed suicide by shooting himself. He was alone in his office in Boston, Mass., at the time, and it was some time after the shot was fired before his body was discovered. Financial embarrassments are said to have led to the act. There have been rumors for some time that he had been sailing close to the wind, having lost heavily on a depreciating market. However, no one suspected that he was in such straits as to cause him to take his life.

Few in this country have been interested in more valuable trotting horses than Mr. Balch. He bred, bought, and sold nearly 250, many of them very valuable. The once famous stallion Ethan Allen he owned during the last three years that the horse was in New England, and sold him in 1870 to Mr. Sprague of Providence for $7,500.

Among the double teams that he sold were Jesse Waters and Darkness for $15,500; Sweet Brier and Dirigo, to Senator Jones of Nevada for $13,000; Monarch and Emperor, a chestnut team, for $12,000. The mare Purity, by Blue Bull, he sold for $23,000 the highest price paid for any New England mare.

A Sudden Killing.

A sensational tragedy occurred on the race track in Columbus, Ga. Among the attractions of the day was a gentleman's trotting race, in which several well-known gentlemen entered. Among them was T. C. Dawson of Glennville, Ala. There were probably 15,000 persons on the grounds and the grand stand was packed with ladies and children.

Immediately after the close of the race Dawson drove into the open space directly opposite the grand-stand and got out of his sulky. In a few seconds the crowd was startled by the report of a revolver, and Dawson was seen running, pursued by three men who were firing at him. Dawson got his pistol from his pocket as he ran and returned the fire. Thirteen shots in all were fired. Dawson fell and expired in a few minutes. The three men were Dick Howard and Robert Howard, brothers, and their brother-in-law, James Rickerstaff. The cause of the shooting had its origin in a family trouble, Dawson having married and deserted a Miss Howard, sister of the two men named. The parties all have strong friends.

Threw Pepper in His Eyes.

William Jenkins' novel method of securing vengeance has led him into serious trouble. He got into a quarrel with an older man, named A. Keefer, on La Salle street, Chicago, where they worked, and Keefer, who is a larger man, threatened to "do up" Jenkins. The latter prepared for the onslaught by purchasing a dime's worth of cayenne pepper. When he left work, Keefer followed him down stairs Jenkins hid in an alley, and when Keefer walked by threw the stuff into the eyes. Blinded with pain Keefer fell to the ground and was unable to defend himself from the excited Jenkins, who jumped on his fallen foe and badly pounded him. Keefer prosecuted Jenkins, who was fined $50 and costs. A half-dozen men who work with Keefer and Jenkins came to speak in the latter's behalf. Two of them told the court that Jenkins had always been an inoffensive fellow, and that Keefer's disposition was the contrary. The court then reduced the fine one-half.

To Destroy the Duponts' Property.

A conspiracy is being waged against the Duponts, who have the great powder-mills near Philadelphia. A month ago an explosion occurred that wrecked the powder-mills, killed twenty people, injured many more, and since that time incendiaries have set fire to the barns on the Dupont farms and tried to blow up the works. The conspiracy is one of the greatest ever known in the country. The Duponts have offered $5,000 reward for the capture of the incendiaries. The latest atrocity was the finding of a handful of matches in a roll of raw cotton in the cotton-warp mill of Barlow & Thatcher at Rising Sun, Pa. The mill and the greater part of its machinery are owned by Dupont & Co., and Barlow & Thatcher are the lessees and operators. About sixty men, women, and children are employed in the plant. The matches were luckily found by a girl employed just before they reached a "picking" machine.

Bad Wreck in England.

A passenger and a freight train on the Great Western railroad collided near Taunton, England. Full details of the disaster have not as yet been received, but it is reported that both trains were running rapidly at the time and met with a terrific crash, one telescoping the other. Both were completely wrecked. Most of the passengers were buried in the ruins, and it is impossible to ascertain as yet how many lost their lives. At last accounts ten had been taken out of the ruins dead, and twelve were rescued badly injured. Relief trains with physicians have been dispatched to the scene.

Saved from Committing Suicide.

A crazy German named Bruno Newman created a sensation at the Illinois Central depot in South Chicago, Ill., through repeated attempts to commit suicide by throwing himself under a suburban train. Just as the train was pulling out of the depot he threw himself before the engine and bystanders barely saved him, but as soon as released he tried to jump between the coaches. He was arrested and taken to the Hyde Park Station, where he is locked up pending his removal to the detention hospital. He says that he is 37 years old and that he lives in Chicago.

DROVE OUT A RASCAL.

GOT RID OF A MAN WHO ATTEMPTED TO ENSNARE YOUNG GIRLS.

Fatal Railway Wreck—Sad Accident in Chicago—Other Telegrams Conveniently Condensed.

His Plans Foiled.

Two weeks ago a stranger came to Terre Haute, Ind., and sent out advertisements signed "Robert Joy, manager of the Joy Association of Twenty-five Expert Lady Physicians, Surgeons, and Specialists of Boston, Chicago, No. 180 Thirty-first street, and St. Louis, No. 521 Ware avenue." The letter-heads announced that the association supplied expert massage manipulators and physicians, all ladies, to any part of the United States. One or two girls came there from St. Louis, where he claimed to have established a central office, but these girls discovered that he wanted to use them for immoral purposes and went home. Chief of Police Davis went to St. Louis and a detective to Chicago to investigate Joy's references. They found that he had merely called at those places, and that the references were unwarranted. For two days it was endeavored to make a case against Joy by having him accept money, but he was alarmed and refused. When taken in charge by the police and about a dozen citizens, mostly physicians, he confessed that he was a procurer. He was led to believe that a mob was outside after him and begged for police protection to the night train east on the Vandalia, which was given him.

A Bad Smash-Up.

The overland Southern Pacific passenger train, south-bound, went through a long trestle over Lake Labish, five miles from Salem, Ore.

The trestle must have given away as soon as the engine struck it, for the train and trestle went down together. The engine was overturned and half-buried in the mud. Following this were the tender, mail, baggage, and express cars, the smoking car, and the tourist sleeper. All were broken to pieces.

The bridge is about 600 feet long and from sixteen to twenty feet high. The train moved ahead about fifty yards as it went down.

Engineer John McFadden, Fireman Tim Neal, and two unknown men were killed.

Following is a partial list of the injured: Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet scout, bruised; Samuel Anson, New York City, side and back sprained; Mrs. T. C. Beerley and May and Nellie Boyle, Missoula, Montana; Wilson Berry, North Dakota, injured about throat; C. M. Barrow, Ellsworth, Kas., back sprained; Fred Waite, Ellsworth, Kas., internal injuries; Dr. Hammel and wife, Philadelphia, both injured about spine; J. L. Kimberle, Neenah, Wis., back hurt; C. Griebel, Milwaukee, Wis.; G. G. Newham, Pleasant Forks, Canada painfully injured about throat; James McGarry, United States Marshal, Salt Lake, Utah, nose and leg broken and badly injured internally. The train carried over one hundred persons, nearly all of whom were more or less injured.

Fires were built along either side of the train to keep warm the wounded, who had been removed from the wreck, and to give light to the workers who had hastened to the rescue.

Sad Accident in Chicago.

Coal-heavers John Pinkharfki, Joseph Brant, Michael Egan and Fred Suglas undertook to leave the hold of the steam-barge D. C. Whitney, at noon, in Chicago, by clinging to the hoisting chain that led into the middle hatch. They were carried high up above the deck before the machinery could be stopped, and remained suspended in mid-air until Pinkharfki let go of the chain and tumbled headlong through the open hatch into the hold. In falling his body carromed against his three companions, and one by one they were torn from the chain and precipitated into the hold, a drop of nearly thirty feet. When picked up Pinkharfki was dead. His neck was broken, his skull crushed and his body terribly battered and bruised. Egan and Suglas were unconscious, while Brant was writhing and screaming with pain caused by internal injuries.

Egan and Suglas cannot recover, and Brant's condition is so serious that the physicians who are attending him think he may die.

Express Robbers at Work Again.

Recently both night trains on the Georgia road between Augusta and Atlanta were robbed of express matter. Now a train for Atlanta met the same fate. Near Messina a man entered and commanded Messenger Corphut to open the safe. Corphut refused to comply, at the same time drawing his revolver, whereupon the robber fired, the ball penetrating his hat but not touching the messenger, who returned the shot. Corphut thinks he hit the robber, as there were spots of blood on the car floor.

Detectives and express officials visited the scene, but could find no evidence of where a man jumped from the train, if he left it at all. The whole affair is wrapped in mystery, as the robbers of last week's train have not been arrested, but it is reported that they have been spotted and were traced to Augusta.

Removed to Escape Lynching.

Ernest Forbes, the colored youth who is under arrest charged with assaulting Bertha Phipps, aged 15, was secretly removed from Annapolis, Md., to Baltimore. The intended lynchers of Forbes reached Camp Parole, two miles from Annapolis, in the night, but their advance guard could not find a safe way to pass the troops and get into the city, to say nothing of getting inside the jail. The excitement was somewhat allayed when it became known that Forbes was secretly carried to Baltimore.

Horrible Death of a Merchant.

Alexander Hexter, senior member of the firm of Hexter & Bros., Philadelphia, met death in a horrible manner. The unfortunate man, who had been working on the first floor, started to go to the fourth floor on the elevator, which was partly loaded with a lot of unfinished clothing. While the elevator was passing from the second to the third floor he stooped over to speak to an employe and before he could escape his head was caught between the elevator and the ceiling. Complete decapitation followed.

Jumped From Her Carriage.

Mrs. Henrietta Tefft, 50 years of age, was killed by jumping from her carriage. She was driving on Washington boulevard, Chicago. The horse became frightened and started to run. Mr. Hatfield, her son-in-law, was driving. Mrs. Tefft, who was frightened, leaped from the carriage, striking her head and shoulders on the curbstone and fracturing her skull. The horse was soon stopped and Mr. Hatfield assisted in carrying Mrs. Tefft into a house, where she died in a few minutes.

Accident at Sea.

The British torpedo cruiser Serpent has foundered off the coast of Spain. Out of a total of 276 souls on board only three were saved.

Tremendous seas swept the decks of the doomed vessel, carrying away group after group of the unfortunate men on board. The news of the wreck was conveyed to Corunna, a distance of sixty miles, over mountain roads. The Serpent's complement was 170 officers and men. The others on board were going out to relieve men now on ships of the African station. The vessel was lost at a point twenty miles north of Cape Finisterre.

The Serpent was a twin-screw vessel of 1,770 tons and 4,500 horse-power and carried six guns. It went on the rock during a storm. A heavy mist prevailed at the time of the disaster. Owing to the violence of the storm it was impossible to send assistance from the shore.

The three persons saved are sailors, who swam ashore at Camarinas. They express the belief that all the others on board were drowned, but only four bodies have been washed ashore as yet. There is no telegraph station at Camarinas.

The Serpent was built of steel, 1,770 tons displacement, 4,500 indicated horse-power, 225 feet length, 30 feet beam. Its armament comprised six six-inch, five-ton breech-loading rifle guns, eight three-pounder rapid-firing guns, and three machine guns. It sailed from Devonport, ordered to the Cape and the west coast of Africa.

Says He Assaulted Her.

Two pretty young women sat in a retired spot in the Criminal court in Chicago and listened to the proceedings in the trial of Henry Smith.

One of the young women shrank back from public gaze as far as possible, and tried in vain to cover her tear-stained face with her pocket handkerchief. She was Miss Henrietta Eisenga, and supported by her friend and room-mate, Miss Ida Thorn. She was there to prosecute Henry Smith, the negro who, it is alleged, on Aug. 13 last, made a brutal assault upon her.

Miss Eisenga is a dress-maker who boarded on Loomis street. She left there and on a subsequent evening returned for her trunk. While in the building she was assaulted by a negro, who dragged her into a room and kept her there all night.

Half fainting the young girl made her complaint to the police, and an officer went to the place and arrested Henry Smith, the colored janitor, just as he was about to flee. He was identified by Miss Eisenga. Smith is a young and not bad-looking man.

Robbed by Masked Men.

Four masked men entered the Clarendon station, Mich., and held up Agent G. C. Ballentine, E. C. Mabrey, and Corville Baily, securing about $12, being mostly the company's money. They also took the agent's watch, but returned it. The robbers then locked them in an oil-car. Three of them then went to Cook's grocery. Cook's family living on the second floor. They called and Cook's son appeared at the outside stairway. He was ordered to hold up his hands, but he rushed inside and secured a shotgun. He fired, but without effect. Ballentine and his companions got out of the car a few hours later. The marauders cracked a safe at Ridgeway and aroused the suspicions of the agent by hanging around the depot. When the Sheriff and a deputy made their appearance the men opened fire and escaped, although the officers fired eight shots.

Fight Between Negroes and Officers.

A riot occurred at Wheeling, W. Va., between a number of negroes and the police which resulted in the probably fatal wounding of a negro named Cloud from Whiteville, Va., and the severe injury of Policeman Donnelly. Several negroes had been terrorizing the inhabitants of the Sixth Ward all day by demanding food and money, and inforcing the demands with a liberal display of firearms. The police attempted to arrest the offenders. The negroes opened fire on the officers, none of whom were struck. During a desperate hand to hand fight with the man Cloud Officer Moran shot his antagonist and beat him severely with his club. Officer Donnelly had his hand broken by a stone thrown by one of the desperadoes. All the offenders escaped save the wounded one. He may die.

Part of a Whaling Crew Lost.

The loss of six men from the whaler Charles W. Morgan, which arrived at San Francisco from the Okhotsk Sea, has just been made public. The men left the vessel in a small boat September 1st in pursuit of a whale. The whale was harpooned and started off at a rapid rate, towing after him the boat, which contained Second Mate H. A. Martin and five seamen. A fog set in and nothing was ever seen of the boat again. It is believed the whale smashed the boat killing the occupants.

The whaler Norwhal from Fox Island reports six men washed from its decks during a gale, but two of the men were fortunately brown back alive by a return wave.

MARKET REPORT.

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Extra 1,450@1,700 lbs	$ 4.80@	5.00
Good to fancy steers	3.90@	4.75
Poor to medium steers	1.90@	3.80
Cows	.90@	2.80
Veal Calves	1.60@	4.50
MILCH COWS—per head	18.00@	35.00
HOGS—Mixed	3.80@	4.10
SHEEP—Native	2.80@	5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.90@	.94
CORN—No. 2	.50@	.51
OATS—No. 2	.41@	.43
POTATOES—per bushel	.70@	.85
POULTRY—Chickens, live, per lb	.07@	.08
Ducks, " " "	.08@	.09
Turkeys, " " "	.09@	.10
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.25@	.27
Low grades	.06@	.08
CHEESE—Full Cream	.08@	.09
Off Grades	.04@	.06
EGGS—Fresh, per doz	.25@	.28

ST. LOUIS.

BEEVES—Choice natives	$4.00@	$4.80
HOGS—Choice	3.75@	3.95
SHEEP	3.80@	4.95
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.92@	.93
CORN—No. 2	.47@	.48
OATS	.38@	.39

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red	$.91@	.93
CORN	.47@	.48
OATS	.37@	.38

DETROIT.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red	$.94@	.95
CORN	.50@	.51
OATS	.38@	.39

KANSAS CITY.

BEEVES—Grain and Corn Fed	$1.70@	$1.80
STEERS—Grass Range	.75@	2.50
HOGS	3.70@	4.00
WHEAT—No. 2	.91@	.92
CORN—No. 2	.46@	.47
OATS—No. 2	.36@	.37

Accused of Torturing a Prisoner.

According to stories published by Texas papers detectives are resorting to the methods of the dark ages to wring a confession from a man. Sol Richardson, a negro, was arrested six months ago and accused of stealing $14,000 of the Wells-Fargo express company's money. He was discharged. The empty box in which the money was contained was then found, whereupon, it is alleged, the detectives seized the negro, and it is stated that they are now trying to force a confession from him by starving and beating him and by the application of thumb screws. The story is denied by the officers.

THE CAMP FIRE.

AN HOUR'S PLEASANT CHAT WITH OUR VETERANS.

The Dying Soldier—The Cedar Creek Fight—A Five-to-One Struggle—Other Items.

The Dying Soldier.

The pale and beauteous moon looked down
Upon the bloody battle ground,
The train of stars that shone so bright
In silence gazing on the sight.

The softly blowing evening breeze
Came softly sighing through the trees;
All nature, silent as the grave,
Seemed watching o'er the fallen brave.

A soldier lay upon the ground,
His faithful comrades standing round,
The dew of heaven falling fast
Upon his youthful bleeding breast.

His bosom friend was kneeling there,
Supports his head and smooths his hair,
And clasps his clammy hands so cold
With tenderness and love untold.

"My dearest friend when I am gone
Pray write a letter to my home;
Tell my mother not to mourn
For Alva Doon, her dearest son.

"Tell my sister, though I sleep
In death's cold arms, she must not weep,
But she must turn her thoughts above
And cheer my mother with her love.

"Tell my Mary, if you will,
That to the last I loved her still;
Tell her that her picture fair
I have preserved with zealous care.

"It was my star, my guide, my light,
I gazed on it with fond delight;
I've ever worn it near my heart
And from it I shall never part."

His limbs relaxed, his dark eyes closed,
And for a moment he reposed
As if the spark of life had fled;
Then every soldier bowed his head.

At length he opened wide his eyes,
And upward gazed toward the skies,
Saying, "Brother soldiers, now adieu;
Be ever to your country true!"

The Cedar Creek Fight.

Serg't Forbes, Co. D, 175th N. Y., was in command of the guard of the Nineteenth Corps ammunition train at Cedar Creek, and was in rather a tight place for a time in the morning, for he says: "The mules were quickly harnessed and hitched in, and none too soon, for the orders had hardly come to move to the rear when the rebels came swarming up to and over the light breastworks of our front. Our artillery was worked for all it was worth, and in such close quarters that I saw a gunner knock a rebel down with his sponge-staff before he was driven from his gun. All this time the fighting was very heavy all around us by the Nineteenth as well as the Sixth Corps. After pulling out of camp we had a ravine to cross, and the enemy was close upon us. I believed then, and do yet, that the train would have been captured had it not been for a battery of brass guns that gained position on an elevation and put in a heavy fire of canister over our heads. We escaped, however, with the loss of only one wagon, which was blown up." The position the train took was just in the rear of the new line, where he witnessed what he declares to have been the grandest charge and rout of the enemy that he saw in three years' service.

Edwin Crockett, 65th N. Y., says at Cedar Creek the Confederates came very near the lines of the Sixth Corps in the thick fog of the early morning. The writer's regiment was in the Second Brigade, First Division, and fought the rebels until they fell back, but they were soon after flanked and fell back in some confusion, reforming beyond the reach of their fire. Gen. Wright gave them full credit for driving back the Confederates, but said that Col. McKenzie, the gallant commander of the 2d Conn. H. A., commanded the brigade, when it was commanded by Col. Hamlin, of the 56th N. Y. McKenzie was a West Pointer, but Hamlin was not. The writer saw Hamlin's horse fall under him, and Hamlin wounded by the fire of the flanked rebels. After Hamlin was disabled McKenzie took command of the brigade, but most of the hard fighting had been done for the day. The 65th lost one-third of their number.

S. G. Norton says that a detachment of 24 men of the 17th Pa. Cav., under Maj. W. H. Spera, comprised the escort of Sheridan. This escort was with the General throughout the fight at Cedar Creek.

A Prison Bill of Fare.

The ration for the earlier months consisted of about four ounces of meat and a section of corn-bread four inches square by three inches thick. The bread, of unbolted meal, was baked very hard to the depth of one-half inch, while the center was raw. The bread would often be as full of flies as a plum pudding is of fruit. As a large portion of our number drew rations after dark, the ingredients were not wasted. During the latter months yams, rice, or peas were issued in lieu of meat, and meal of grits instead of bread. We had no vessels to receive these, and the steaming rice was shoveled from the wagon-box into blankets; or a man would take off his trousers, knot one of the legs, and thus receive the portion for his mess. The same method was used in the distribution of the yams and pease, except sometimes the receptacle was a piece of underclothing.—*Century*

The Little Fifer.

It was in the winter of 1864, while the federal army was in camp near the city of Richmond, that two Union boys, whom I will call Gay and Shaft, (as their names have been forgotten) for a little sport, engaged in a tussle. Shaft had a fife in his hand when the unexpected Gay clinched him. To better his condition for his scuffle, Shaft tossed the fife in the air to get rid of it, for the time, whereupon a gentleman by the name of Minnich went forward and picked it up, and after Gay had concluded that Shaft was the man that could scuffle a little better than himself, he quit. Mr. Minnich stepped forward and offered the fife to Shaft. But instead of taking it, Shaft remarked:

"I do not care for it; you may keep it."

This he did, and soon after sent it home to his nine-year-old son. For six long weeks was this little boy trying to play snatches of national airs which perhaps he had heard some regimental corps play as they were off for the front. By the time the six weeks were up he had learned to play fairly well that familiar and popular air, "Yankee Doodle."

Upon Mr. Minnich's return home at the close of the war, his little lad was able to show his father, upon the fife that he had sent him, the pluck of a Yankee youth who had set out to win. Among many pieces that he could master well was, "The Johnnie I left Behind Me," which filled Mr. Minnich's heart with joy. The boy has since grown up and at the last annual encampment of the 2d Regt., Div. Ohio, S. of V., held at Wauseon, O., was elected by acclamation as colonel of the said regiment, and is known as Col. Frank J. Minnich. He will cut quite a figure in the coming State encampment, which is to be held in Toledo, next June. He will have this same identical fife with him, which he always plays on all occasions of this kind. He has since the war played the requiem march at the burial of many an old veteran.

"A Five-to-One" Struggle.

I have been reading some very interesting literature brought out during the late Confederate reunion at Chattanooga. An alleged statistical article appears, with the purpose of showing that the relative strength of the two sides in our late struggle was between five and ten to one in favor of the federals. This is a decayed chestnut. I cannot see, in the light of common sense, how this immense disparity can be claimed.

For instance, the greatest disproportion was stated as at Spottsylvania and the Wilderness, where the writer places the number of federal forces engaged at 150,000 and the confederates at 45,000. Now, if he is correct, this is much less than five to one. But did Gen. Grant have 150,000 men at these battles?

At the seven days' fight before Richmond the federals are given 100,000 men, the confederates 75,000. These figures are probably near being right, but the disparity is nowhere near five to one.

At the second battle of Manassas the force of the federals is placed at 60,000; their opponents at 46,000. I thought this battle was fought by Gen. Pope without the aid of McClellan's troops, in which case the rebels must have decidedly outnumbered our troops.

According to this alleged statistician, our forces at the battle of Franklin numbered 60,000. Did Gen. Schofield have even one-third of this number engaged?

In two battles — Stone River and Chickamauga — a preponderance in forces is actually given to the confederates. But how does this carry out the five-to-one text?

One thing more in elucidation of history. In a eulogy of the rebel Gen. Forrest by his chief of staff, Maj. D. C. Kelly, it is stated that he followed Col. Streight with greatly inferior forces, harassed him with incessant attacks day and night, until the federal troops finally demanded to be allowed to surrender, which, when done, 1,700 men laid down their arms to 300.

Comrades, who have been writing your little pieces about Col Streight's raid and capture, is this so?—*J. M. Kurtz.*

Robert E. Lee's Old Home.

On Arlington Heights, overlooking the city of Washington, and affording the most magnificent view in the world, stands the house that was once the home of Robert E. Lee. The grounds are baronial in extent, and hundreds of acres of magnificent trees envelop the place, and with its pretty hills and dells, its deep shade and its seclusion, it is extremely romantic and picturesque. The house is of the old style, plain and roomy, of plastered brick, with yellow paint. Great columns are along the piazza, from which one looks out across the broad Potomac upon the city of Washington.

A Presumption.

Lady (in railroad train on windy day)—"Dear me! I can't get this window up."

Gentleman (behind)—"I would assist you, madam, but I presume the railroad company has glued the windows down to prevent the loss of so many patrons by pneumonia."—*New York Weekly.*

From a German Exchange.

On the Alert.—Servant-girl (hearing the footsteps of her mistress, to her sweetheart)—"Auguste, quick, get hold of the children, I hear the misses!" Enter Mistress—"Why, Anne, what do I see!" Servant—"Ah, madame the children are doting fond of soldiers, so I have brought them one in to play with."

Easy to Find Out.

Ted—I'd like to have you meet my new girl. I wish to learn whether she is pretty. Ned—I'm no judge. Why don't you take her into a crowded horse-car some day?

In School.

After the 'gravitation' lesson. Visitor—"Now, James, what makes the apples fall from the tree?" James—"Hitting 'em with stones."

FOR THE LADIES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ITEMS FOR THE FEMININE SEX.

Mothers and Daughters—A Kitchen Dining Table—Household Hints and Other Matters.

Mothers and Daughters.

If all that mothers are to them came home to the perceptions of daughters at an earlier period, they would be more anxious than they generally seem to be to spare those mothers and prolong their days, and save them from much of the exertion and anxiety that are likely to shorten their lives, and that if only from merely selfish reasons. How many daughters are there who, if it lies between them to do it, do not let their mothers rise in the morning and make the fire and prepare the breakfast; who, in the interim between cooks, do not let the whole burden of care and the chief endeavor of work come upon the mother; who do not let the mother get up in the night and attend to the calls of sudden illness; who, if it is necessary to watch with the sick, do not hold themselves excused, and the duty to be a maternal one; who do not feel it their privilege to be ready for callers and company while the mother is still in working déshabille; who are not in the habit of taking the most comfortable chair; and who, in the matter of provision of toilet, do not think almost anything will do for mother, but they themselves must be fresh and fine and in the fashion? How many daughters are there who, when pleasure-taking comes in question, do not feel, even if perhaps unconsciously, that the mother has had her day and ought to be contented, and they should be the ones to go and take the enjoyment?

It would seem as if the mere sentiment of self-preservation would teach daughters a better line of conduct. It is the mother making the central spot of the house usually that makes home possible. It is the mother from whom the greater part of the happiness of the home proceeds. If she dies, the home disintegrates, or it is not unusual that another comes to take her place—sometimes a foreign element before whom the old union and happiness may possibly fly. To preserve this home and this happiness, one would imagine, should be the first effort of the daughter, that she should, out of regard for her own comfort and gratification, as well as for that of others, seek every means to make life easy to the mother, to insure her life and length of days. Never again will any daughter have such a friend as this mother; no fond adorer's eyes will ever follow her with the same everyday love as this mother's eyes do, nor will any give her the sympathy she does. It is wild folly on the daughter's part that lets the mother waste her strength. Instead of seeking by every means possible to save and increase it; for while a good mother is with her family they are entertaining an angel, whether unawares or not.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Her First Experience.

This is what Mrs. Gen. Grant says of her first dinner-giving:

"Imagine my husband's inviting four or five of the officers to dine with us at our first dinner! Of course he had to withdraw the invitation, for how did I know that Hannah understood cooking? He was amused at my real dismay.

"'I thought everybody knew how to cook—I do,' he said, 'and many a savory mess I have helped to make at West Point. I have roasted apples, and sometimes even ventured on roasting a fowl.'

"When I inquired when and how, he told me, with boyish pleasure, 'The potatoes, beef, etc., we fellows brought from the mess-hall (now Grant Hall) in our caps. The apples were usually the result of a foraging party to old Kingsley's garden.'

"'And the fowl, Ulysses, where did they come from?' I asked.

"Oh, usually from Col. Delfield's coops.'

"At my expression of horror at this really dreadful admission, he said: 'Do not be alarmed; I was not adroit enough to be of those parties, but I did both help cook and eat those wonderful suppers.'

"So of course he thought any one could cook. Hannah proved, to my great satisfaction, a household treasure.

"The officers were asked to come the next day, when I had much pleasure, though I felt some responsibility in arranging the appointments of my pretty table, seeing that all were properly placed, and remembering with loving pride the well-served table of my father's house.

"Well, the officers came, and to my smiling welcome they said: 'Then we can stay to-day, can we? Everything is right, is it? And Hannah really knows how to cook, does she?'

"Only imagine, the lieutenant had told all these men that they could not come to dinner because Mrs. Grant was not sure that Hannah knew anything about cooking, and would like to have a trial dinner first. How they all loved to tease me ever after when he would ask any of them to dine with us! They would timidly peep in at the door, and ask, 'Is it all right?' or 'Shall we come next time?'"

A Kitchen Dining Table.

Several years ago there appeared in print a description of a small table on castors, to be wheeled from the kitchen to the dining room. It was to be used to carry dishes to the table, and out into the kitchen after a meal. An improvement on this can be made by people who do their own work, and are limited for room. Have a table on castors, narrow enough to be pushed through the door. Take the two end sets of legs of an old table and put in new side rails any length desired, and put on a new top. If seven feet long the material will cost about one dollar, and the work can be done by a carpenter for three dollars, if the legs are plain. Turned legs will make the table look better and also increase the expense. The food can be taken from the range, brought from pantry and cellar, and placed upon the table before it is wheeled into the dining-room. Many people in winter make a bed-room of their sitting-room, so that the dining-room must also serve as a sitting-room.

As soon as the table is wheeled from the dining-room the floor can be brushed, the windows opened to air the room, and it is ready for a sitting-room. The extension table belonging to the dining-room can be used as a library table for writing and reading. If one can wash dishes without spattering, a dripping-pan, with a towel folded and laid in the bottom, can be set on the end of the table, with towels at hand. Then let the dish-washer sit down with the pan on her lap and her feet on a footstool. One cannot wash dishes as rapidly as on a kitchen table, but there are times when a woman does not care whether she works rapidly or not. It is a good way to rest on ironing days, and at other busy times. The tired muscles get rested, and the work is not stopped. Sometimes the sitting-room is warmer than the kitchen. If the pots and pans have been put "a-soak," as they should have been, the kitchen can be rapidly finished up afterward.

Household Hints.

For faded green blinds rub on a little linseed oil.

Milk is a good solvent of quinine and will disguise its bitter taste. Five grains may be dissolved in two or three ounces of milk.

To prevent that shine to the skin with which so many are annoyed, especially in warm weather, use a little camphor in the water when bathing the face.

Pansy seed may be sown in the fall; make the beds fine and press the surface smooth; sow the seed in rows; sprinkle a little fine dust over the seed, and then lightly press the surface again.

To restore rubber rings for fruit jars, to two parts of water put one part ammonia; let the hardened rings lie in this mixture from five minutes to half an hour, as may be needed to restore their elasticity.

Closets of all characters demand a systematic and frequent overhauling. To attack them requires strength of purpose, resolution, and frequently a fierce battle with oneself before the onslaught. But when order has been restored the compensation received in peace of mind is worth the waging of the battle. And she is a prudent woman who looks well to this part of her household.

Enjoyment at Home.

Don't shut up your house, lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a merry laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyments must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they don't have it at their own hearthstone it will be sought at other and perhaps at less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight of a home blots out many a care and annoyance during the day and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle. Put home first and foremost, for there will come a time when the home circle will be broken, when you will "long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still," and when your greatest pleasure will be in remembering that you did all in your power to put a song under every burden to make each other happy.

Gum.

Why will so many of our young people—the girls especially—persist in chewing gum in public places, attracting attention and making their naturally pretty faces ugly in their contortions? Cannot they see in others how coarse and unladylike it looks? But, above all, don't they know how very injurious is the constant habit? The genuine gum, as it exudes from the spruce trees in New England, is not unhealthful, if chewed for a little while; but even that, the purest of all gums, will soon cause nausea and hiccoughs, from the saliva flowing too freely and the gas forming in the stomach; but what must be the result when chewing continually the doubtful concoction made from no one knows what. But still they chew, in every place, and I am ashamed for my sex, to say that I have even seen it in church, and by girls no longer young! What do they mean? If their wrinkles are not appearing fast enough, they *can take no better way to hurry them* along than by keeping up the perpetual motion of their jaws; and, at the same time, they are preparing the way for false teeth to match the wrinkles; but lastly comes the word of a physician that he knows of several cases where it has caused serious brain trouble. So, dear young readers, please bear these hints in mind, and pass them along to any one you may chance to know who is in danger of becoming a victim of this foolish and hurtful habit.—*Cor. Banner of Light.*

WISCONSIN NEWS.

—The scow B. E. Decker was wrecked off Ahnapee. The cook of the crew perished from cold.

—W. L. Wright, a Waukesha pioneer, is dead.

—Forty Wisconsin clerks at Washington came home to vote.

—The German Lutheran church at Hurley was dedicated.

—Final certificates of allotment were delivered to the Oneida Indians.

—The Racine Sauerkraut factory has turned out 2,000 barrels against 1,200 last year.

—An unsuccessful attempt was made to oust Editor King of the New London Times.

—Eau Claire has decided to raise $45,000 to cover expenses in the direction of education.

—Old Jacob Zearly was the victim of a gun which he had set for duck in defiance of the law.

—Frank W. Fallon and Edward Riordan, employes of the St. Paul Road were killed by the cars.

—The cutting of green pine on the La Pointe reservation the coming winter was forbidden.

—Bishop Grafton and the Rev. F. W. Morrill are conducting a mission at Stevens Point.

—M. C. Higgins' barn, near the cemetery at Marinette, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $2,000; insurance, $700.

—There has been an increase in attendance of children between 7 and 14 at Dane County schools the past year.

—Annie Madhl, aged 18, walked off the Light street bridge at Oshkosh, while the draw was open and drowned.

—Mr. Dunn, instructor of gymnastics in the State Normal school at Oshkosh, has resigned on account of ill-health.

—Louis Pollock, aged 5, died at Two Rivers from the effect of a spring-gun wound, blood-poisoning having set in.

—Gustave Adolph Lange, who is under arrest at Racine for bigamy, admits having three wives, all in Racine county.

—The barn of Byron Ross, in North Geneva, was destroyed by the breaking of a lantern. The loss was about $1,500.

—Henry Warsaw, of Ashland, strayed from a hunting party and is supposed to be lost. A searching party was organized.

—The Midland Lumber and Manufacturing Company purchased 20,000 acres of timber land in Clark county for $300,000.

—Bert Daly, of Eau Claire, aged 15, will lose the sight of one of his eyes, a play-mate having run the point of a compass into the orb.

—Near Elroy, a little child of Adolph Flary pulled a plow over upon herself in such a way that one of the handles strangled her.

—Mana Parker, who nearly killed Robert Barr in a saloon row at Barron a few weeks ago, has been bound over in the sum of $1,000.

—Fritz Flack, a farmer in the town of Washington, Eau Claire county, killed himself with a revolver on account of domestic troubles.

—A Wisconsin Central passenger-train was derailed a few miles from Neenah by colliding with the rear end of a freight-train. No one was injured.

—F. Stahler hanged himself near the Northern Hospital for the Insane at Oshkosh. He had recently been discharged from the institution as cured.

—Racine officers are searching for Pat White, who is accused of having brutally assaulted Mrs. Anna Panzhot while her husband was away from his farm.

—The funeral of Isadore Cook, who was elected sheriff by the Democrats and died next day took place at Eau Claire, and was an imposing affair.

—Thomas L. Kennan, of Milwaukee, was appointed receiver of the Manufacturers' Mutual Fire Insurance company of Milwaukee.

—A beer vat in a brewery at Oshkosh exploded with great violence, without injuring any one or doing any considerable damage to the establishment.

—Of the hunters arrested in Lincoln county for chasing deer with dogs, Henry Diener and Fred Goetzlaw, of Appleton, were each fined $25 and costs.

—The dwelling of William Holcomb, situated in North Geneva, was burned and entirely consumed together with its contents Loss $25,000; insurance $10,000.

—A dispatch announces the death of Elias Friend of Milwaukee, at Excelsior Springs, Mo., where he had gone in the hope of finding relief from kidney trouble. He was 63 years of age.

—At Hurley, the 7-year-old daughter of M. McGeehan, while coasting with some other children, ran off the sidewalk and was kicked in the head by a passing horse. She may recover.

—Geo. W. Fay, a pioneer of Oconomowoc, who owned the first hotel there, died at the age of 80. His wife, two sons and two daughters survive him. One of his sons is ex-Mayor Fay.

—Mr. Gibbs says his Berlin creamery enterprise is assured. He has $2,000 raised in that city and has the other $2,000 about promised in the country. Work on the plant will be commenced soon.

—At Neenah, Orrie Temmie, son of Lawyer Temme, while leading a horse, tied the halter strap around his waist. The horse became frightened and ran away, stepping on the boy's head. His injuries proved fatal.

—Seven former saloonkeepers have prepared to open original package saloons, at Black River Falls, getting their goods from Winona. It is believed the places will be allowed to run for the present.

—Paul Hammer living near Cedarburg, was attacked by a large and vicious bulldog, and sustained a wound that resulted in almost fatal hemorrhage. Hammer will live, but it is a question whether the limb will be saved.

—Dominick Finerty, of Hollandtown, aged 50 years, who came to Oshkosh from that place with the election returns, was drowned in Fox River. Finerty was under the influence of liquor. He strolled to the dock and fell in. The body was recovered.

—Martin Brueggerman, living near Watertown, committed suicide by shooting himself while suffering from melancholia. The death of his wife a short time since was the incentive for the act. He was a native of Germany, 67 years of age, and leaves several grown-up children.

—The Globe Wallpaper Mills at Neenah were gutted by fire. S. E. Trout Sr., a member of the firm, places his loss upon the stock at about $4,000; fully insured. The building is owned by E. F. Wickert, who estimates his loss at $1,700; insured for $1,500. Incendiarism is suspected.

—There was a bad smash-up on the Northwestern road at Beloit, in which Fireman Thomas Welch, of Janesville, was killed almost instantly, and the engineer, Thomas King, badly burned by steam. The engine was overturned and literally smashed to pieces and the baggage car was broken up.

—Odanah, the Chippewa Indian village on the Bad River Reservation, reports the finding of the bodies of an Indian woman and her child in the woods three or four miles back of Bad River. It is supposed the woman and child wandered into the woods, lost themselves, and starved or were murdered.

—Georgie Olin, a ten-year-old boy who has been residing with his uncle, R. E. Bennett in Milwaukee, has been kidnapped. The boy's parents were divorced several years ago. The mother remarried, and it is thought that through her connivance the boy has been stolen. The father lives at Lanark, Ill.

HALF A DOZEN GOOD RECEIPS.

Orange Jelly—One-half box of gelatine; soak in one-half cupful of cold water and dissolve in a scant cup of boiling water, juice of one lemon, and pint of orange juice. Stir and strain into the shapes and set on ice.

Wachusett Gems—One cupful of sour milk, one-half cupful of molasses 1½ cupfuls of Graham flour, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of melted lard. Makes one dozen.

Chili Sauce—One pepper, two chopped onions, six ripe tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinamon, one teaspoonful of clove, two cupfuls of vinegar. Gently stew till well cooked; do not strain.

Chocolate Cream—One quart of milk, five even tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. When hot, strain; put on again, add one cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch (previously wet with cold milk), and cook till it thickens like ordinary boiled custard. Set on ice.

Berry Pudding.—One pint of milk, two eggs, one saltspoonful of salt, one quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted through one cupful of flour, and enough flour added for a thick batter. One pint of berries (floured) stirred in last. Boil one hour in a buttered dish.

Ginger Pear—Two pounds of hard pears, cut in halves and cored. Make a syrup of 1 1-2 pounds either white or brown sugar, one-half ounce of white ginger root, and 1 1-2 cupfuls of water. When it has boiled five minutes put in the fruit, and simmer at least four hours. It will resemble the foreign preserved ginger. Very common fruit is really better, and it should not be at all soft. This will fill two jars.—Good Housekeeping.

Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small, mean souls are otherwise.

A PLEASING SENSE

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

The heart (according to Bunyan) must be beaten or bruised, and then the sweet scent will come out.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersignad, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Not the cry, but the flight of a wild duck, says a Chinese author, leads the flock to fly and follow.

Trades and Occupations.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for 1891 will give an instructive and helpful Series of Papers, each of which describes the character of some leading Trade for Boys or Occupation for girls. They give information as to the Apprenticeship required to learn each, the Wages to be expected, the Qualities needed in order to enter, and the prospects of Success. To New Subscribers who send $1.75 at once the paper will be sent free to Jan. 1, 1891, and for a full year from that date. Address,

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He who is never satisfied with anything satisfies no one.

Book on Tariff Law.

Do you want to know all about the new tariff rates and other customs legislation? R. F. Downing & Co., Custom House Brokers, New York, have published a handsome pocket-sized book with all tariff rates alphabetically arranged; articles on how to figure duties; foreign express rates; drawback of duties and all information on imports and exports. With this book you are a tariff expert. No other book so complete, handy and reliable has yet appeared and as all are interested in the tariff all should have a copy. Send $1.00 to

R. F. DOWNING & CO.,
20 Exchange Place, New York.

For stomach worms in a cattle, mix one teaspoonful of powered sage in two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and give a teaspoonful every morning.

There are people using Dobbins' Electric Soap today who commenced its use in 1865. Would this be the case were it not the purest and most economical soap made? Ask your grocer for it. Look out for imitations. Dobbins'.

Constipation may be relieved if a cupful of hot water, in which a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved, is taken every morning before breakfast.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

A handsome cigarette case of oxidized silver is in the form of a note-book.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

A neat traveling clock is made in gilt with an ornamental porcelain face and a leather case. By pressing a spring in the top of the clock at any time it will strike the hour.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails. Send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers' Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

The Michigan university has twenty-five Japanese students this year.

A Wisconsin packing company has paid out $26,500 for cucumbers this fall.

Over six thousand men in the United States struck during the month of September.

The submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,070 natural miles of cable.

A Western cowboy committed suicide because a 13-year-old girl refused to marry him.

There are thirty-one millionaires in Denver, and thirty-five men worth, on the average, $300,000 each.

A Georgia man has raised a Mexican cucumber weighing thirty-five pounds. It resembles a green citron.

The name of Wayne is the title or part of the title of more places in the United States than any other.

A PATCHWORK QUILT.

Have you anywhere about your house, amidst your counterpanes and comfortables which you looked at five minutes before buying, perhaps, one of those old-fashioned patchwork quilts made of the tiniest pieces, arranged in the most intricate patterns, over which at least one pair of eyes were strained for days and weeks before quilting time came, and all those puffy little diamonds were marked out, amidst chat and laughter, by half-a-dozen ladies? Did you ever in childhood, sit upon the bed and hear the history of the various pieces of chintz?

That's a piece of your first colored dress; that I had when I was a girl; that was your grandmother's morning-gown; this is a piece Miss S—— gave me. I have heard such a history many a time, and little pictures used to pass before my eyes with the words. I could see just how grandma looked in the morning gown. I could see myself a baby, taking toddling steps in the blue frock. It seemed so funny to have been a baby—when I was an important person of five years. It doesn't seem half so funny now, for I have begun to doubt whether I shall ever be anything else, and to know just how many big babies there are in this world.

Dear old patchwork quilts! We've lost something in losing them, I think, and probably Mrs. Mumford thought so, too, for whenever any of her children were found sitting with those idle hands, for which Doctor Watts declares that Satan always finds some mischief, she invariably remarked: "You better get your patchwork."

They always obeyed, those three little girls, Lucy, Ruth and Olive, and there were piles of quilts in the upstairs rooms where spare bedding was stored—quilts of many colors, quilts of only two, quilts with large, square blocks, and quilts with intricate patterns, like a Chinese puzzle, quilts that had been made by people in their nineties, and quilts that had been made by people who could not yet say: "I am nine years old." Piecing a quilt was the first work and the last of the members of the Mumford family. I think an ancestor made some patches on board of the *Mayflower*. At least it was said so.

When a young person married, a dowry of quilts had always been provided—always would be while Mrs. Mumford lived. When Olive was fifteen, she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt which her great-grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the eldest daughter of the house. She laughed then, and said:

"I shall always stay at home with you, mamma. I shall be the old maid daughter."

A year afterward she did not think this, whatever she might have said, for the year had made her feel that she was no longer a child, and she had met Harry Martin, who had put an engagement ring on Olive's finger, and, if all went well, her seventeenth birthday would find her a matron.

"Nothing like seeing your children settled before you are broken down yourself," said the mother; and thereupon began to teach Olive the higher mysteries of pastry. Plain cooking, every girl of that family quite understood.

A lover always takes great interest in his lady's handiwork. Harry regarded all the little pieces of sewing which passed through Olive's hands with immense admiration, and the homely patchwork was just as fine in his eyes as anything else; and there was often much talk about the pieces, and, once or twice, he had cut them out, after the cardboard patterns, loving to meddle with anything that she was busy with, in old true lover's fashion.

One evening, when he went in, he found the girl looking, as an artist might look at a rare old master, at a long breadth of old-fashioned, flowering chintz.

"Mother has just given me this, Harry," she said. "It is like a gown of old aunt Hepsiba's. It shimmers like silk, and see how fine it is. But fancy wearing such a large pattern. Look! a butterfly on a bough, and a rose, and a butterfly on a bough again, and then another rose, like wall-paper. The difficulty will be," said Olive, pausing to consider, "how to get the pattern into a patch without spoiling it."

"I'll help you," said Harry; and to work he went, and for a pleasant hour or two he kept cutting patches. A bud and a butterfly on one, a rose on the other, bud and butterfly, and rose again.

"And he has not spoiled one, mamma," said Olive, in a tone of pride. "I'm sure I should have cut a dozen butterflies' heads off, if I had tried."

So the young things laughed over their exploits, and then slipped merrily away to have their lover's chat where nobody could listen.

It was the last. The next day, Harry Martin was missing, and with him a large sum of money from his employer's safe. The news spread through the country town like wildfire. Harry was an orphan, and the son of an old friend of the head of the firm. It was understood that they would be merciful, but his character was blighted forever.

No one doubted his guilt but Olive. She steadfastly declared him innocent.

Weeks passed on, and there was no news of him—at least, none that reached the Mumfords' ears; but one night, when Mrs. Mumford went out to the cow-house to see that Crummie was safe for the night, some one came out of the darkness, and called to her.

"Who is that?" cried the lady, her heart giving one great throb.

"It's I—Harry," said a well-known voice. "Oh! Mrs. Mumford, let me see Olive."

"Harry Martin!" said Mrs. Mumford. "Oh! Harry Martin, you've made a sad home of mine!" And she broke into tears.

"And you all believed it at once?" said Harry, sadly. "I don't think you would."

"Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Mumford, "Satan tempts us all. I'm sorry for you, but you can't see Olive. It's better for her you shouldn't. She was very fond of you, Harry."

"And she has turned against me, too, then?" said the young man.

"You sha'n't blame her, poor lamb," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with one who has disgraced himself."

"Love is more steadfast," said Harry. "Evil reports could not have won me from Olive."

Then, without another word, he went away—and such a hold have homely things upon our memory sometimes, that, as he went, he saw the pretty household picture he had last seen beneath the roof that now refused to welcome him, as plainly as we see things in dreams; his love, with her dark curls about her face, and the needle in her hands, and the skein of thread about her neck; a bright lamp burning upon the table, and on the other side, himself cutting pieces of patchwork from a pasteboard pattern, and laying in a little brilliant pile, squares and triangles on which were a rose and a butterfly upon a flowering branch, a butterfly on a flowering branch, and a full-blown rose, alternately.

* * * * *

A western editor speaks of a wind that "just sat up on its hind legs and howled." Such a wind it must have been that was howling through the bleak Maine country twenty years from the night on which Harry Martin turned from the Mumfords' door and went his way alone.

The inn or tavern or hotel, whichever it was, which bore the name of—

T. JOLLIVER.

upon its signboard, was not expecting any guests that night, but, nevertheless, one came to its doors—came late, too, as the clocks were striking ten, and people generally thinking of bed.

The guest was a man of forty, with a sad sort of face—a face with a story in it. But he was well dressed, and evidently no poor traveler. He had supper in the best parlor, and, meanwhile, a fire was made in the best bedroom, in which, when he made his way thither, he found a buxom, youngish woman spreading an extra counterpane upon the bed.

"Good evening, sir," she said, turning toward him with a manner that bespoke the landlady. "I thought I'd see that you were comfortable myself. I never leave everything to chambermaids. When I married a hotel-keeper, I made up my mind to help him, and there's no such way of making guests feel discouraged as turning them over to help. And I've given you my prettiest quilt, too," said she, with a little laugh. "There's an honor."

The gentleman looked toward the bed. The quilt was a patchwork. It had a wide striped border, but in the center the blocks were all the same—bright chintz alternated with white—a butterfly on a branch, a rose, a butterfly on a branch, and a rose again.

The man took a fold of it up in his hand, and looked at it, as men do not often look at patchwork quilts. The woman babbled on.

"We're great for patchwork in our family. Such a pile as we had of these quilts at home! Sister Ruth had twenty when she was married, but I had fifty. My other sister gave me her share, seeing that I married a hotel-keeper, and she thinks she'll never marry. Oh, dear! There's a story in a good many quilts, if you did but know it; and there is a story in this. It's the last one Olive ever made. But I'm boring you, sir."

"No, go on," said the gentleman. "Go on, please."

"She was engaged," said the landlady, "and she was but sixteen. One afternoon, she and her sweetheart cut out these blocks, the next they were parted. He was suspected of a crime—of robbery, sir, if I must say it—and she never saw him again. She knew that he was innocent. She said that all the angels in heaven couldn't make her doubt it, but no one else thought with her, until a year had gone by, and then an old confidential clerk, who was trusted in everything, being caught in another theft, confessed to that which my sister's sweetheart had been accused of. The story he had told to his employers of being knocked down in the streets of New York, where he went that holiday afternoon, and being thought drunk, and put into a station house, and being ashamed to give his name next morning, and too sick to come home next day, was no doubt true. His employers advertised for him, but in vain. And mother owned to sending him away from the door when he came to see Olive. It is a sad story. Olive can't seem to like any one else, and the poor fellow was so fond of her. So that's the story of the quilt."

The woman stopped and gave a little cry, for the guest had flung himself upon his knees, and was kissing that patchwork quilt as lovers kiss their sweetheart's lips.

She gave another little cry in a moment, and then knelt down beside him, and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed, crying hard herself. "Oh, dear! I do believe it is Harry Martin."

And it was Harry Martin, who had been to the far ends of the earth and had found gold, but not happiness, believing himself robbed forever of love and of fair repute, and who had returned to find both waiting him, through the means of that patchwork quilt, with its butterflys and flowering boughs and roses.

* * * * *

"Lucy," said Olive to her sister, a few months afterward, "now that we are going to housekeeping, I want you to give me one thing."

"Anything on earth that I can," said Mrs. Jolliver. "I was thinking of a silver service."

"Oh, Lucy, dear," said Olive, beginning to cry for very happiness, "it's only the butterfly quilt that I want. The dear old quilt. Harry says he can't keep house without it, we both love it so."

"I've rolled it up for you already," said Mrs. Jolliver. "It seems to belong to you, Olive."

And so to-day Olive's last baby sits upon the brilliant quilt, and tries, with his chubby fingers, to pull therefrom the butterflys and flowers.—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.

He Is an American But Wants to Become a Feudal Chief and Revive the Days of Chivalry.

Ernest Grammont, of France, is a very wealthy man, who has come to this country to purchase suitable land for the erection of a feudal castle, in which he proposes to lead the life and follow the pursuits of a baron of the middle ages. He is fully able to spend a million dollars on any caprice.

Mr. Grammont is an American by birth, but was taken to France when he was a few months old, and this is his first visit to the United States, of which he knows little. His original purpose was to carry out his quaint whim by erecting his feudal fortress on the soil of France, and on an estate near the German frontier he began, and almost completed, the erection of one, but was compelled to stop operations because the French Government disliked the idea of having a fortified place which in time of war might be occupied by Germans, since the castle was in that section of the frontier along France by the terms of her treaty, has had to dismantle her forts.

"I am fully satisfied," said Mr. Grammont to a N. Y. *World* correspondent, "that America is the only place in which I can put my project into practice without causing alarm on the part of the Government. I am told that already some of your wealthy men have constructed castle-like dwellings along the banks of the Hudson. My idea is to improve upon theirs, and to plant right in the heart of a land of industry a castle such as only the age of feudalism produced. It will be a costly caprice, and I suppose I shall be regarded by the press as the legitimate successor to George Francis Train; but no amount of ridicule will turn me from my purpose."

Mr. Grammont said that he first selected the South for his castle because he had an idea that among her sons he could find some knightly fellows for a garrison, but when told that he would get none but colored men to take service under his banner, he changed his plans and concluded to secure a site overlooking Narragansett Bay.

He wants a commanding position, as high above the sea level as possible, with good approaches and with land enough to dig a moat. He intends to play the feudal baron to the top of his bent, and will have in his service a body of retainers in the capacity of knights, esquires, pages, men-at-arms, etc.

The castle will be turreted and pierced for archers after the style of the twelfth century, with sallyports, posterns, portcullis, battlements, keep and all the mediæval specialties. The banquet hall will be like those in which feudal barons dined with all their servants and vassals, and if Mr. Grammont is as good as his word the welkin will ring as often as his neighbors choose to lay siege to his fortress, for he will be as hospitable as those whom he will imitate, but he will not replenish his larder by incursions among the fat beeres and bucks of his brother barons. His establishment will contain troubadors for the revival of minstrelsy. The men-at-arms will be uniformed according to the style that prevailed during the time of Charles the Bold, the Burgundian costume being the most picturesque, according to Mr. Grammont's thinking.

What land remains unused for castle purposes he will divide into holdings and distribute among the knights, who will hold them in fief from him, subject to forfeiture for any unknightly deed or transgression of the laws of chivalry. The knight's fee will be a dollar a day, but he will have his spurs hacked from his heels if he is caught wassailing when on duty. Esquires will receive 75 cents a day, and pages 50 cents, with subsistence according to their degree. Falconry will be included among the pleasures of the chase, and hooded hawks will be seen on the wrists of dames who come down from the castle to hunt their quarry.

Within the castle everything will be on a war footing, and the banner of Grammont will be unfurled to the breezes every day except when the Governor of the State is a guest, in which case the banner will give place to the standard of his excellency, the overlord.

"And how much do you expect to pay annually for this fun?" inquired the reporter.

"I shall spend probably $50,000 a year, and I shall get the worth of my money out of it."

"Have you any heirs?"

"I have seven or eight."

"Living in this country?"

"No; in Germany; why?"

"Lure them over here as soon as your castle is completed, and secure them in its deepest dungeons, for if you do not they will run you down when they hear of your feudal fancies, and any court in Rhode Island would sign an order for your committal to an insane asylum."

"I'll take my chances on that," replied Mr. Grammont. "A man may possess odd whims without being a lunatic. The towers of my castle will pierce the sky before you are a year older."

The Gold Beetle.

There is the little gold beetle, for instance — *Cassida aurichalcea*. Where can he be matched in the world for the pure lustre of burnished gold? He is the brightest gem of concentrated metallic glitter that the whole beetle kingdom can show; and yet who ever sees him, even though in one short walk in the country lane he may have passed perhaps ten thousand of them—a gold-mine in truth?

During the coming week the Cassida will be with us. But where shall we look for him? Wherever the pink-blossomed bind-weed blooms he also is sure to be found. This vine often clothes the stone walls for several yards beneath its arrow-shaped leaves. These leaves are generally more or less perforated with small holes; and if we quickly turn them one by one, or, stooping, look beneath them, we may surprise the tiny creature feeding, and appearing like a drop of molten gold, clinging like dew to the leaf. But you must be quick if you would capture him, for he is off in a spangled streak of glitter. Nor is this golden sheen all the resource of the little insect; for in the space of a few seconds, as you hold him in your hand, he has become a milky, iridescent opal, and now mother-of-pearl, and finally crawls before you in a coat of dull orange. A few of the beetles kept in a box and supplied with leaves, changing from gilt to mother-of-pearl or dull coral, as the whim suits them, are an interesting study. Beneath the bind-weed leaves one may also find numbers of small black larvæ with a singular black lattice hold suspended flat over their barbs upon their forked tails. These are the inconspicuous and uncouth grubs from which our golden beetles have sprung, and a little search among the leaves will also disclose the tiny chrysalis suspended by its tail. Don't let the summer pass without making the acquaintance of the Cassida. After the 1st of July he may be found until late autumn. You must see him at home if you would see him at all, for the dead insect loses all this wondrous lustre.—*William Hamilton Gibson, in Harper's Young People.*

HE HAD A SWEETHEART, TOO.

An Officer Wanted to Go Courting, but Pap Thomas Sent Him on a Raid.

They are all gone—Gens. George H. Thomas and Lovell H. Rousseau and Col. Harry Watkins. The latter was a handsome blonde and a brave and efficient officer. He was Colonel of the Sixth Cavalry, and was engaged to be married to Rousseau's daughter, who was very pretty and resided in Louisville. Thomas, Rousseau, and Watkins were all on duty in Nashville at the time. I think it was just after Thomas' great battle at and near Nashville, when Hood's army was annihilated, in December, 1864. It occurred to Watkins that it would be a good time for him to visit Miss Rousseau, so he went to Gen. Thomas and asked for a leave of absence for two weeks. To the dismay of poor Watkins Thomas shrugged his shoulders. So the Colonel, without waiting for the General to say no, reminded the latter that he was young and touched prettily upon the ardor of his attachment for the only daughter of one of the great commander's bravest and most patriotic Generals. But Thomas couldn't see it. So he put his hand affectionately upon Watkins' shoulder and said:

"My dear Colonel, I have been there, I, too, have a sweetheart, and I haven't seen her for two years. And what is more, I have been married to my sweetheart a long time, and I want to see her as much as, if not more than, you do yours. But we mustn't go to visit our sweethearts until the war is over. Besides, I have just planned a raid in Northern Alabama, and Gen. Whipple has suggested that you be placed in command, and I want you to report for this special duty early to-morrow morning."

I saw Watkins a short time after, and he related the incident to me as I have presented it here, and he added with reference to the great Thomas, who never lost a battle: "The dear, blessed, good, damned old darling!"

Harry made the raid and came out of it with flying colors, and shortly afterward got his leave of absence and married the lovely Miss Rousseau.—*Ben Truman, in the N. Y. Times.*

Primeval Giants.

In the cretaceous period, the world was populated with a race of giants, all forms seemingly being developed to enormous dimensions.

One strange creature, known as the *clasmosaurus*, ranging up to seventy feet in length, nearly thirty feet of which were a long, slender neck resembling a snake.

This wonderful creature lived in a sea which covered what is now known as Kansas, and geologists find its remains where it was stranded, thousands of years ago. One giant was discovered by its head and flashing teeth exposed on a knoll, the surrounding soil having been washed away. By removing the earth the head was traced to the body by the bones of the neck, and the entire skeleton finally uncovered.

Imagine a snake seventy feet long—its central body—or portion very much enlarged, with a tail and neck attenuated and small. Give this curious creature two pairs of flippers, somewhat like those of a seal, and some idea may be formed of the *clasmosaurus*. In its native element it must have presented an extraordinary spectacle, moving along its body far beneath the waves, with the slender, snake-like neck alone appearing above; now, perhaps, flying along at the surface, showing its entire form, lashing the blue water into foam in its attempts to take its prey.

Such a monster must have been a formidable object to the men of the time, did they exist; and there is no good reason why they did not. Men of to-day attack the whale, which attains a length of 100 feet; and there is reason to believe that, with weapons of bone, stone and wood, the earliest man may have faced these prehistoric giants.

The clasmosaurus was a flesh-eater and preyed upon fishes and other marine animals; a fact proven by finding their remains between its ribs, in the sediment of the ancient Kansas Sea.

What destroyed these giants is more or less a mystery; but owing to some cause the great sea, which is easily traced in the west, disappeared or dried up, and the wondrous inhabitants of many kinds found themselves finally stranded, and were in ensuing years covered up by the sand and the dust, to be uncovered again by the men of the nineteenth century.

Two Old Stamps.

The National museum at Washington, through the liberality of John A. Brill of Philadelphia, has come into possession of two stamps issued under the act of 1766, which led to the American revolution. They were required to be placed on all documents. Mr. Brill was offered a large sum for them, but preferred to place them where they legitimately belonged.

New York city is to have a public bath established on the principle of the ancient Roman baths of Caracalla.

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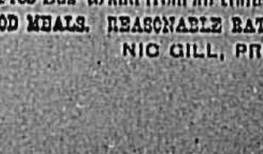
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About Hungry Elephants—A Brush with a Bear—Other Interesting Items and Matters.

Hungry Elephants.

One favorite food of the African elephant is the tender, juicy roots of the mimosa-tree, which grows in scattered groups through most of the meadows and lowlands of central Africa.

When an elephant finds a young tree of this sort, it is not difficult, as a rule, for him to get at the roots, especially if the surrounding soil is moist and loose, as is often the case after it has been soaked by the heavy rainfalls of the tropics.

If the tree is loose, the elephant, knowing his strength, winds his trunk firmly round the tree, and plucks it from the earth, a feat which is no harder for him than the pulling up of a flower is for a child.

But the elephant does not stop here; experience has taught him the most comfortable way of enjoying his prize, so without relaxing his hold, he turns the tree completely over, and stands it with its upper branches thrust down into the place where the roots were. Then the earthy roots, now replacing the branches, remain within easy reach of the strong and deft trunk.

African travelers tell us of great tracts of country almost covered with these inverted trees. Seeing the dry trees turned upside down one would be more likely to think a wood had been reversed by mischievous fairies, than to suppose hungry elephants had been feeding there.

Sometimes an elephant will find a tree which defies his greatest efforts, and absolutely refuses to be uprooted. But the elephant does not give it up. Not at all. He either brings another elephant to help him—a thing they often do when the work is too much for one—or, if he cannot find a friend, he sets his own wits to work. He makes use of his tusks as levers, thrusting them, as if they were crowbars, deep under the roots, and pries away slowly and steadily until the tree is loosened; and then with a great wrench he completely uproots it and it goes toppling over, leaving the clever elephant victorious.—*St. Nicholas.*

Came Back for Revenge.

One day while proceeding up a canon in the Raton Mountains, N. M., narrates a traveler, a large silver-tip bear and her cub leaped out and made a rush up the sloping side of the valley. There were three in our party and every Winchester began to talk very earnestly and excitedly. The cub tumbled dead the first fire. I call him a cub, but truth is he was more than half as large as his mother and weighed 240 pounds. The old lady did not show any injury, and the moment the young one tumbled, she turned and came back square in the teeth of the rifles and, seizing her dead cub in her mouth as a cat does a kitten, raised it fairly clear of the ground, and cantered up the hill—no easy matter, as, aside from the 240 pounds of limp and dragging weight, she had to force her anxious, loving way through oak brush, which in many instances might have detained a steer. She got fairly away, albeit we fired several shots after the cub fell. We had just reloaded the magazines of our Winchesters and were communing as to taking the trail of the old bear, which showed wide and clear in broken bushes and disturbed oak leaves and pine needles, when looking up we beheld our game coming back straight for us. She meant business, too. Her red and steaming tongue lolled out of her half-open mouth and her eyes partially closed in rage would have seemed quizzical in expression were it not for the ferocity which leaped and flashed in their depths like sheet lightning behind some cloud screen. She straight to us and we settled her trouble at the first fire. We found the cub up on the divide. She had carried it at least sixty rods, with two bullet holes in her shaggy hide as we found when we skinned her.

A Dry Niagara.

It seems almost incredible that at one time in its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually ran dry. Nevertheless it is an established fact that this occurred on March 29, 1848, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over Niagara falls.

The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. About sunset the wind suddenly veered around and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and, bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara river, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable mass.

So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet to the lake was completely choked up and little or no water could possibly escape. In a very short space of time the water below this frozen barrier passed over the falls and the next morning the people residing in the neighborhood were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle.

The roaring, tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated and nothing but the cold, black rock were visible in all directions. The news quickly spread and crowds of spectators flocked to view the scene, the banks of the stream being lined with people during the whole day. At last there came a break in the ice; it was released from its restraint; the pent-up wall of water rushed downward and Niagara was itself again.

About Trinity's Clock.

The clock in Trinity church, New York, is one of the heaviest timepieces in America. It seems that in its construction an effort was made to ascertain how much metal could possibly be used in a clock. The frame is 9 feet long, 5 feet high and 3 feet wide. The main wheels are 30 inches in diameter.

There are three wheels in the time train and three each in the strike and chime. The winding wheels are solid casting 30 inches in diameter and 2 inches thick. On the arbor is placed a jack, or another wheel, pinion and crank, and it takes 800 turns of this crank to wind up each weight.

It requires 700 feet of rope for the three cords, and takes over an hour for two men to wind the clock. The pendulum is 18 feet long and oscillates twenty-five times per minute. The dials are 8 feet in diameter, although they look little more than half that size from Broadway. The three weights tip the scales at about eight hundred, one thousand two hundred and one thousand five hundred pounds, respectively. A large box is placed at the bottom of the well, which holds a ball of cotton waste, so if a cord should break the cotton would deaden the concussion.

Flies as Bellboys.

"The queerest hotel in the world is in Guatemala City, Central America," said an English tourist recently. "While there a few weeks ago I stopped at the biggest hostelry, and met with more surprises than I have previously encountered in my trip around the world. There is a system of calling the guests which entitles the hotel to the name of the queerest on earth. You are called by flies. The flies down there are nearly as large as an English sparrow, and they sting like a hornet, though the bite is not poisonous. They never kill them, but brush them away. The halls of the hotel are filled with these pests in the morning. Over each door is a transom. Now, if you leave a call for 7 o'clock your transom is opened at 7 o'clock, and the flies go in. Do they wake you? I should say so. The sensation is like that of being sandbagged. In five minutes from the time your transom is opened you are down-stairs looking for the proprietor."

Habits of the "Gator."

The alligator builds a nest of mud and grass, and lays a large number of oblong white eggs, but the little ones when hatched often serve as lunch for their unnatural papa, and this cannibalism, more than the rifle, prevents their numbers from increasing. The alligator is not particular as to diet. I once found the stomach of a ten-footer to be literally filled with pine chips from some tree which had been felled near the river's bank! They are fond of wallowing in marshes, and many a man out snipe shooting has taken an involuntary bath by stumbling into their wallows. In dry seasons alligators will traverse long distances overland to reach water, and travelers have come suddenly upon alligators crawling amid prairies or woods, in the most unexpected manner. The alligator as a rule is very wary, but at times sleeps quite soundly. I saw one struck twice with an oar before it woke.

The Deepest Coal Mine.

Very few people in looking at the dusky diamonds as they lie upon the fire, know of the effort and the danger that surrounds the individual who plies his vocation in digging the same, as the mines are under ground, and some very deep. The deepest one in America is in Pottsville, Pa. The shaft is 1,576 feet deep. From its bottom, almost a third of a mile down, 206 cars, holding four tons each, are lifted every day. They are run upon a platform, and the whole weight of six tons is hoisted at a speed that makes the head swim, the time occupied in lifting a full car being little more than a minute. The hoisting and lowering of men into coal mines is regulated by law, and only ten can stand on the platform at once, under penalty of a heavy fine.

Useful Or Deleterious.

In many French villages, boards are set up bearing the following instructions: Hedgehog: Lives upon mice, snails and wireworms, animals injurious to agriculture. Don't kill a hedgehog. Toad: Helps agriculture; destroys 20 to 30 insects hourly. Don't kill a toad. Cockchafer and its larvæ: Deadly enemies to farmers; lays seventy to 100 eggs. Kill the Cockchafer. Birds: Each department of France loses yearly many millions of francs through the injury done by insects. Don't kill the birds."

Using a Watch as a Compass.

All watches are said to be compasses, and the matter is explained in this way: Point the hour hand to the sun and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance suppose it is 4 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 4 to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is 8 o'clock, point the hand indicating 8 to the Sun, and the figure X on the watch is due south. This is a good thing for woodmen and hunters to remember.

Caution.

Mrs. Quizino—Gretchen, I am told Hans has given you a beautiful engagement ring. Where is it?

Gretchen—Oh, Hans wear it himself. He vas afraid I lose him mit anoder feller.

ABE LINCOLN'S MAIL.

The Presidential Candidate and His Absence of "Big-Head."

"You see," said the middle-aged man, "I was born in Springfield, Ill., and lived there until after the war. From my earliest boyhood Abe Lincoln was to me an impressive figure. He used to come to my father's store, stick his feet on the counter and talk about the affairs of the nation. I was present one night when Abe came in, looking as melancholy as a man whose hens won't lay.

"'What's the matter Lincoln?' my father asked.

"'Oh, nothing much. I'm discouraged a bit. I fear my tilt with Douglas was not very successful.'

"'Nonsense, Abe,' replied my father. 'Your words have electrified the country. They will bear rich fruit for you. Your reputation has merely been local heretofore: now it is national.'

"'Do you think so? Well, I hope you're right.' Then the future president stalked out into the night, looking more cheerful than when he entered.

I will never forget the first few days after he was nominated. At that time Springfield had no postal delivery, and we were in the habit of going to the postoffice late in the afternoon for our mail. Sometimes 200 people would gather in and near the postoffice. The evening after he was chosen presidential candidate by his party Abe came as usual to the postoffice after his letters. He was dressed in the homely fashion of the time and place and greeted his neighbors in his usual democratic way. He found his box full of letters and newspapers.

"The next afternoon he came again. This time his mail filled three boxes. He was dressed with more care than he had been the day before. On the third day after his nomination he appeared at the office with a basket on his arm. He went away with his basket, pockets and hat overflowing with envelopes, newspapers, campaign documents, etc.

"After that he was obliged to employ the services of a secretary, who collected his mail, and we saw but little of the great man. Whenever he appeared in public, however, we noticed that he wore what gossips called 'his Sunday best.'

"Those were lively times in Springfield. The town was overrun with prominent men from all parts of the country. It was my privilege to attend the reception given to his fellow-townsmen by Lincoln after his election. I will never forget the picture he presented as he towered above his wife and greeted his old friends. There was not in his manner the slightest indication of what is now called 'the big head.' Mrs. Lincoln was very gracious and made a fine impression that night. I heard Abe say to my father in the hallway as we were about to leave:

"'I guess Mary will carry herself right well in Washington, old man.'

"Speaking of Mrs. Lincoln reminds me of an episode that took place some years before Abe became a national hero. There was a well-to-do tailor in Springfield who owned a handsome house just across the street from the Lincolns. Mrs. Lincoln did not feel pleased that a tailor should live in a finer residence than that occupied by a leading lawyer. When Abe was off on circuit, therefore, she had a story added to their house. The job was nearly finished when Abe returned. He strode down the street, gazed at his house in surprise, and then crossed to the tailor's side of the road.

"'Who lives in that palatial mansion over there?' he asked of his neighbor.

"'The widow Lincoln,' answered the smiling tailor. Then was heard a voice from the top story of the Lincoln house:

"'Abe, Abe; come to dinner. You're late.'"—N. Y. World.

New Mexico Onyx.

Mrs. L. J. Caldwell, of Chicago, is the sole owner of ricolite and green onyx quarries now being operated in western Grant county, New Mexico. This is one of the most remarkable discoveries. The stone has the form of true fissure vein fifty feet wide and over a mile in length, and it is taken out in massive blocks and taken to Chicago, where it is becoming very popular for house decoration, inside and outside. The stone is susceptible of a very high polish, and of a variety of colors—dark green and cream, striped and mottled, also pink and salmon. In fact, it carries what are termed the "lost colors" in stone. It is very tough, is superior to Mexican onyx, and is the only stone of the kind in the world that can be carved. Contracts have been signed to supply it to the new Alhambra theater and hotel and other public buildings in Chicago for decorative purposes. Caldwell offers blocks of it to be used in the construction of the New Mexico exhibit pavilion at the world's fair.

Jew Butchers.

One lives and learns. "I did not know until the other day," writes the New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript, "that it was against the law to kill a chicken in the city of New York! It is a new law, I believe, or else it is only an old one being enforced. I used to buy chickens of an old Frenchman on Wooster street who kept them alive and fattened them on corn meal. You picked out a chicken from his stock, told him when you wanted it, and he fattened it for you and killed it the day he brought it to you. This assured your getting a fresh chicken and not one of those aged, ill-fed and long dead creatures that hang in the poulterer's shop until they are unfit to eat. Now the old Frenchman's occupation is gone. A friend of mine who objects to eating a chicken after it has been dead a week solves the problem by getting a friend of his who lives in the country and comes to town every Monday to bring a chicken that has been slain that morning along with him. Another thing I did not know until recently, and that is that Jew butchers are considered by a great many Christians as the best. They kill their animals differently, cutting their throats rather than knocking them in the head, and their religion compels them to be very clean in their handling of meat. There are some well-known Jew butchers with a large Christain patronage, who get much better prices for their meat than other butchers, and all because of their religion."

GREENLAND'S ICE CAP.

The Country's Interior Is Made Level by Ice and Snow.

The aspect of these boundless wastes rolling away in scarcely perceptible undulations, and in the distance mingling the gray of their snows with the gray of the skies, at first gave the impression that Greenland was a uniform plateau, a sort of horizontal table. The belief now prevails that the rocky surface of the sea is, on the contrary, carved into mountains and hills, valleys and gorges, but that the plastic snows and ice have gradually filled up all the cavities, which now show only in slight sinuosities on the surface. Allowing to the whole mass of the ice cap an average thickness of 500 feet, it would represent a total volume of about 150,000 cubic miles. This *sermer suak*, or "great ice" of the Greenlanders, flows like asphalt or tar with extreme slowness seaward, while the surface is gradually leveled by the snow falling during the course of ages and distributed by the winds. In the interior of the country the surface of the ice and snow is as smooth as if it were polished, looking like "the undisturbed surface of a frozen ocean, the long but not high billows of which, rolling from east to west, are not easily distinguishable to the eye." Nevertheless, says a writer in Popular Science Monthly, the exterior form of the ice cap has been greatly diversified at least on its outer edge, where in many places it is difficult to cross, or even quite impassable. The action of lateral pressure, of heat produced by the tremendous friction, of evaporation and filtration, has often broken the surface into innumerable cones a few yards high, in form and color resembling the tents of an encampment.

America's Remarkable Men.

A live cockney who has spent a few weeks in New York city says: "I have heard of more extraordinary men in New York since I came here than I ever heard of in any other city of the world. You have extraordinary financiers and lawyers, extraordinary politicians and preachers, extraordinary nabobs and play actors, extraordinary orators and pugilists, extraordinary poets and aldermen, extraordinary sportsmen and humorists, extraordinary cranks and bicyclists, extraordinary scientists and musicians, extraordinary swashbucklers and authors, extraordinary inventors, doctors, mechanics, and what not. I have heard of extraordinary people, including women, every day since I came to New York. I would like to get up a directory of them all, with a description of each of them, but that would be nearly as hard work as the taking of the census. I have not yet been out to Chicago, but I am told that I can find even a bigger host of extraordinary people there than I have heard of in New York. Then there is a place called Boston, where I am told I can see a swarm of extraordinary Bostonians. Truly, truly," said the live cockney, as he heaved a deep sigh, "this must be an extraordinary country, including the District of Columbia, which, I believe, is in Washington."

Important to Watermelon Thieves.

A watermelon stealer down in Southeast Missouri has been comforting the souls of night prowlers by quoting Scripture in the Iron County Register to justify his own palpable infraction of the eighth commandment. He attempts to prove by the Bible that it is no theft if a man goes uninvited into his neighbor's watermelon patch and simply fills his belly with the aqueous fruit there growing. He maintains that if the melon or melons have been absorbed into and assimilated with the man, there is no offence in taking them. But it is absolutely essential to the validity of his argument that the fruit be subjectively appropriated, not objectively. The man must be outside of the melon and the melon inside of the man before it is taken from the field.

A Managing Husband.

Old Friend—"Your plan is an excellent one; but do you think your wife will agree to it?"

Married Man—"Oh, yes. I'll tell her some one else suggested it, and I'll call it an idiotic idea."—New York Weekly.

HE BLEW IN TWO MILLIONS.

Young Mr. Roberts's Inheritance Went at the Rate of a Million a Year.

Early in the spring of 1888 there was a fashionable wedding in Washington. The contracting parties were Mr. Alexander H. Roberts of Philadelphia and Miss Mary Mott of this city. Neither of the parties was of age at the time, and much comment was made in regard to the wedding. It was known, however, that the groom would come in possession of a large estate, and everybody thought Miss Mott was making a lucky catch. It was a case of love at first sight, and a marriage would have followed at a month's notice but for the fact that Mr. Roberts was not in financial condition to undertake the maintenance of a household. At the time Miss Mott was a singer in the choir of a well-known church here.

Shortly after the wedding, and when Roberts became of age, he came into possession of $2,000,000. This money had been amassed by his father through lucky oil speculations in Pennsylvania. On the strength of this inheritance Mr. and Mrs. Roberts indulged in a European trip, and upon their return spent several months at a fashionable hotel in this city. Later they took up their residence in Philadelphia, where they lived in style. Roberts had a trotting stable, a steam yacht, a pack of hounds, and suddenly developed sporting proclivities. He seemed to take a special liking to prize fighters, and went so far as to make them welcome to his own home. He would throw the wine cellar open and entertain them in royal shape. These men would on these occasions gorge themselves with drink, and frequently there was a rough-and-tumble fight. On one particular evening there was an eleven-round fight in the parlor, and the facts at the time were wired all over the country. On this occasion much of the valuable furniture was demolished, and Alexander Roberts, in a bout with an outsider, received injuries which confined him to his room for some time. The innocent young wife naturally took exceptions to the manner in which she was being exposed in public, regardless of the fact that her every desire, from a pecuniary point of view, was granted. She protested, and within a year they had separated.

Roberts has proven his ability as a spend-thrift, for within the short period of two years he almost completely exhausted his large fortune. He left Philadelphia, went West, and located in Denver, Col. On Monday Mrs. Roberts filed a bill in the Denver court for divorce. She alleges that it has become impossible for her to live with him on account of his alleged drinking habits. She also alleges, in her complaint, that the most of her husband's money is gone, and unless restrained, he will very soon make way with all of it.—*Washington Critic.*

Miss Hysee—"I was encored three times, wasn't I?' Mme. Logee—"Yes; the company seemed to recognize that you needed practice."—*Puck.*

Caller—"How is it that your editorials are always so bright?" Editor—"Well, you see, we use our exchange files."—*Binghamton Republican.*

The man who is able to travel extensively can generally learn enough in a year to make a bore of himself all the rest of his life.—*Somerville Journal.*

De Smith—"Do you suppose there is anything serious between Travis and Miss Southmayd?" Bloodgood—"Yes, I do—her father."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Alpine Guide (who has tied himself to two tourists)—"Now, gentlemen, if either of you slips speak quick so that I can cut the rope at once!"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

The Rev. Goodman—"My friend, are you a Christian?" Mr. Busyclerk—"I try to be but it's impossible. There's a telephone in our office."—*Binghamton Republican.*

Mrs. de Million—"And you thought I married you for love? What did you take me for?" De Million (mournfully)—"For better or for worse."—*Detroit Journal.*

If there is ever a time when it's a blessing for a man to be blind, it is when he is in love. He can't see what a fool he makes of himself.—*Binghamton Republican.*

When we hear of the salaries some people are paid for singing we cannot help thinking of the larger salaries that ought to be paid others for not singing.—*Atchison Globe.*

Minister—"So you saw some boys fishing on the Sabbath, my young man? Did you do anything to discourage them?" Small Boy—"Yes, sir. I stole their bait."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Before she marries a woman is content that her lord should walk to the time of a wedding march, but after the ceremony she insists on a quick step.—

Mrs. Jinks (meaningly)—"I asked Dr. Aquapura if whisky was good for colds, and he said 'no.'"

Mr Jinks—"Well, I don't believe I've got a cold anyhow. It's something else. Did the doctor mention what diseases whisky was good for?"

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A WOMAN'S LOVE.

Down below, a stretch of yellow sand to the east, green hills lifting their verdure-crowned heads to heaven; to the west, green fields and sunny meadows sloping down almost to the water's edge, and leaning against the low rail that surrounded the little gothic cottage that overlooked it all, a girl, day-dreaming, her soft, dark eyes fixed on the bright, blue changing waters below.

A girl of perhaps 18, slim and graceful, with a face of rare loveliness, low, broad forehead and delicate brows, eyes deep wine-brown, lips cleft and scarlet, the dainty little head set proudly on the rounded throat, and all crowned by a shining mass of red-gold hair that clustered and curled round the lovely, childish face, and then fell unconfined in heavy curls to the slim, girlish waist.

It was thus that Alvin Emerson saw her first, and, seeing her thought of Tennyson's Guinevere—thought if the hapless queen,

"With her violet eyes and lovely face,
Brow-bound with red-gold hair,"

were half as fair as this dark-eyed girl, then Lancelot might well be forgiven his fatal love, that made him more than willing

"To give the world for this;
To waste his whole life in one kiss;
Upon her perfect lips."

But there was no sign of his thoughts upon his handsome, high-bred face as he told her he had missed the path that led to Emerson Hall, and she looking up—poor child—met her doom in the light of the sunny, laughing eyes that looked with frank admiration into her own, felt her heart grow faint with the passionate thrill that swept over her, flushing her delicate cheeks and making the wine-brown eyes droop low.

"I am Alvin Emerson," he said.

"Alvin Emerson, the new master of the hall?"

"Exactly, and a lucky fellow, am I not? Better to be born lucky than rich you know, and I am rather inclined to believe it. One month ago, a penniless lawyer, wondering where my first brief would come from, to-day master of Emerson Hall, heir of my ninety-second cousin, for he was no nearer, whom I always looked upon as a crusty old fellow, who hated the world in general, and his own people in particular."

The girl laughed softly.

"He was rather crusty," she said, "and yet he could be kind. He was kind to me. Very kind. He was very kind to Nana as well."

"And who is Nana? Your sister?"

"I have no sister. I have no one but Nana."

"Pardon me; I spoke without thinking," he said, as he saw a shadow fall over the lovely face.

"It is true," she said. "I am alone. Father and mother died leaving me a little baby in another land, and the last master of the hall, at their dying request, sent for me and Nana, and I have lived here ever since. This cottage is part of your estate, or rather was. It belongs now to Nana."

That was only the beginning of the end.

The buds were only blossoming that sunny day when first Gloria Delmaine's wine-brown eyes had drooped beneath the passionate admiration that leaped into Alvin Emerson's laughing blue ones when they first rested on her lovely face, but ere the June roses faded she had learned the crowning glory of a woman's life, and, alas! its most passionate pain.

Ah, heavens! while life lasted would she ever forget the moment of agony when her whole heart awoke to the truth of its love—the bitter despair the awakening brought her?

Standing there she lived that moment of passion and pain again, and a wave of despair swept over her soul at the memory.

There had been a fete at Emerson Hall, and Alvin had insisted that she should be there.

"I know no one," she said. "I have lived so much by myself. I would be afraid."

He laughed lightly.

"You must come," he said. "I have something to tell you when the day is done."

And she had gone, with Nana to chaperon her, gone to learn the bitterest agony a woman's heart can know.

She had been standing alone for a little time, and she had wandered down to a little green arbor and sunk upon the low, rustic seat, when suddenly her own name fell upon her ears

"She is rather pretty," a woman's voice said. "But it is out of place to see her here. No one, you know, can tell who or what she really is. A protege of the old master of Emerson Hall."

"No one can tell who or what she really is."

The words seemed to ring through the girl's brain, and it seemed for a moment as if life itself had left her; and then:

"What do you think of the future mistress of Emerson Hall—Miss Vernon?"

"She is very beautiful, and she is to be mistress here?"

"Yes," the first speaker said; "I heard that she and Mr. Emerson are engaged."

"No doubt. He is very attentive to her. They are coming this way now. They are well mated."

Almost blinded by her agony, Gloria Delmaine rose to her feet as the speakers left where they stood, and, almost reeling, reached the arbor door.

Alvin Emerson was coming down one of the avenues, his head bent low as he listened to the light, jesting talk of the girl at his side.

A girl so beautiful, in dark Spanish style, that she almost took Gloria's breath away.

Tall, slim, and supple in motion, with a delicate oval face, pure olive skin, with a pomegranate bloom staining the rounded cheeks and curving lips, low, broad brows, eyes of midnight darkness—great, dark deep, luminous eyes, shaded by heavy silken lashes and a proud, young head, with a coronet of blue-black hair, bent low as she listened to the answer Alvin made to her laugh-talk.

A low, agonized cry broke from Gloria.

Ah! kind heaven! This beautiful girl, well born, and his equal in every way, was his promised wife, and she—she, whom nobody knew who she really was, or from whence she really came, loved him with all the passion of her soul.

"My darling! my darling!" she cried, in her passion and pain, "how can I live without you! My love, my love!"

This was what he had to tell her.

Oh, God; could she only die before the light of his laughing eyes fell on her again.

Ah, God, how she lived through the weeks that followed she could never tell.

God had heard her passionate cry, for the light of Alvin Emerson's laughing eyes had not fallen on her during the two dreary weeks that followed her heart's awakening.

Business had called him away, she heard, and that was all, and then in her woman's weakness her heart repeated its bitter cry.

Ah, to see him once again—once again to hear his voice, even though it told her the story of his love for another, and the best of her life died while she listened.

Her prayer was heard.

Standing on the low level stretch of sand, her soul had cried out for him, and he had answered it.

She heard his step upon the sand, but she never turned till he stood beside her and called her name:

"Gloria!"

Then he turned, and a low cry broke from his lips.

"My God! Gloria, have you been ill? Child, what has happened to you?"

With all her shy sweetness and reserve, the girl was proud—intensely proud in her own way, and she would die before Alvin Emerson, the promised husband of another, would read the bitterness of her soul.

"I have not been very well," she said, "nor very ill, either. The weather, I suppose. It is very changeable."

He made no answer, only looked at her, a tender light coming into his eyes.

"I said I had something to tell you, Gloria," he said. "Well, little girl, you will have to wait another little while to hear the news. I have to be very certain myself, before I make it public. Gloria, say you wish me success."

"I wish you success," she said; "why should I not?"

He looked at her in some surprise.

"You are not like your usual self," he said.

"Perhaps not," she answered coldly, and then she turned her eyes seaward again.

Two days later Gloria was looking for something in an old oaken desk that was seldom used, when, turning away, her skirt caught in one of the knobs, and before she could stop it the old desk came down with a crash; and as it did so a secret drawer in one side sprang open, and a package of papers fell at the girl's feet, and her own name in plain writing met her dilated eyes.

"To be given to the girl known as
Gloria Delmaine."

The words seemed to scar themselves on her brain; her heart beat with great, strangling throbs, and her face grew pallid as death; and then she opened the letter, and a low cry came from her lips.

"Delmaine had been her mother's name, but not hers. Thank God! thank God!

Every proof lay in her hand that she was Gloria Delmaine Emerson, and heiress of Emerson Hall, for the old man "who had been kind to her" had righted her even from the grave.

"You will forgive the bitter wrong I did you, Gloria," he wrote, "when I am gone. I married your mother when abroad. I loved her passionately, and she—she cared nothing for me. Her parents forced her into marriage, making her believe the lover to whom her heart was given was false to her. When I learned the truth I went mad and swore I would never look upon her face again.

"The position her parents duped me to win for her would never be hers. She died, however, when I was far away, leaving you a little babe.

"Even dead, I could not forgive her the fact that she did not love me, and I swore never to acknowledge my marriage or my child.

"I kept my oath—kept it till I felt my days were numbered, and death drawing near. I leave this with Nana to be given to you after my death. All the proofs, as well as the will that makes you my heiress, are in the other package. Your father,

"CHARLES EMERSON."

She knew now who and what she was.

For a moment she stood motionless, the papers in her hand.

At first she had been flushed and triumphant, but the lovely face had suddenly paled to the hue of death.

The evenings were growing chilly, and a low, red fire burned in the grate.

She went over to it, the papers still in her hand, and laid them on it.

"Oh, love, my gain will never be your loss," she murmured, as the flames leaped up and licked the parchment.

And then—well, then, was it fate, or chance, or Providence? but one thing certain, that Alvin Emerson was in the room, and holding the parchment that left him penniless in his hand, slightly scorched, but intact.

"Gloria, why did you try to burn these?" Then more gravely: "I think I understand, for I know what these are. Nana has confessed to the hiding of them; her motive, lest the change in your position should estrange you from her. Gloria, I promised to tell you something. Sweet, it is this: I suspected almost from the first who you were, for I found a miniature I almost deemed was you among Charles Emerson's papers, and written below it the words, 'my darling,' in his handwriting. Gloria, I have sought proofs of your birth, and I could prove your rights even if you had destroyed the papers. After to-day Emerson Hall has no master."

"No, no! Oh, Alvin, you must be mad!"

"Not half as mad as the little girl who would have destroyed her birthright," he said, with a smile. Then, after a moment's silence: "Gloria, did you dream that I would be willing to rob you? Oh, love, tell me, did you burn the proofs from the same cause I sought to find them?"

A soft, red flush stained her cheeks.

Surely—ah—surely—there must have been some mistake about him and the Spanish-eyed beauty, for surely this was a lover's voice sounding in her ears, a lover's tender eyes that were looking into hers, making them droop with the passion of his glances.

"I can not tell till I know your reason," she answered, shyly.

"It was for love's sweet sake," he said, as he folded her close in his arms and kissed her scarlet lips; "and you, Gloria?"

"For love's sweet sake as well," she answered.

Then, with his arms around her, she told him what she had heard about Ethel Vernon.

He laughed lightly.

"So I am engaged to be best man to my bosom friend, who will soon claim her as his bride; but tell me, my darling, that the same day I may claim the heiress of Emerson Hall"—with a happy laugh—"as my payment for the first case I undertook—a case without my client's knowledge."—*Family Paper.*

THIS BEATS MR. KEELY.

A Novel Device That Is to Propel Vessels Without the Aid of Steam.

Hardly a year goes by in which some one does not devise a new motive power for vessels. Most of them end with the devising. They are like Summer candidates—talked of a good deal, but never run. Over in Brooklyn a sanguine man is engaged in putting into a steamer the most curious device which has yet come out of the noddle of any human being, even Keely. He proposes to propel it by the power of water alone—to make the water which he takes from the sea force the vessel through the sea. There is one thing to be said in favor of the scheme, it is not complicated. Unlike the Keely motor, there is nothing mysterious about it. There is a steam engine which pumps the water into the vessel, and there is a steam engine which expels it with more or less power, as may be required. It doesn't take much water either. In the stern is a little adjustable nozzle of about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. On each side of the bows is another of the same size, or smaller. When the vessel is to go ahead, the water is to be expelled from the nozzle in the stern. There is no rudder, as the course is to be decided by the direction of the nozzle. The nozzles in the bows are to be used when the vessel is to go backward. When it is to turn, which the inventor claims can be done as quickly and as easily as a carriage turns in the road, one of the forward nozzles and the stern nozzle are to be used.

Seamen will laugh when they read this, says a writer in the N. Y. *Sun*. Yet the inventor is a man of scientific attainments, who does not look nor behave like a crank. He says that he experimented first with a small boat of about thirty tons. He succeeded not only in making it go with great speed, but on one occasion he hitched it to a heavily laden canal boat which it dragged along without difficulty. The saving in machinery and fuel, he claims, is immense. In a few days this new steamer of 200 tons will glide through the harbor and bay, he expects, to the admiration of all beholders and the everlasting confusion of scoffers. It does't seem possible "to a man up a tree" that expulsion with ever so much force of a little three-fourths of an inch stream of water from the stern of a vessel into the circumambient water would propel and guide it in a practicable manner, so as to be of commercial use; but the inventor insists that it can be done for the simple reason that he has done it.

A Comparison.

I'd ruther lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds and the bum'l bees,
A-knowing that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.

For I really don't 'exactly understan'
Where the comfort is fer any man
In walkin' hot bricks an' usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A-livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way;
But a hour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As for that, jus' look at the flowers aroun',
A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun',
An' the fruit a-bendin' the tr e 'way down,
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or, ruther, in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,
The flowers, the birds, and the bum'l bees,
An a-livin' out here among the trees,
Where you can take your ease, an' do as you please,
Makes it better'n the city.

Now, all the talk don't 'mount to snuff
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
An, 'tween you an' me, 't ain't half as tough
As livin' in the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Make Your Diamonds Sparkle.

Many persons have been puzzled to account for the ceaseless motion of diamonds in the earrings worn by ladies. It makes no difference that the head of the wearer is in perfect repose, and that she is speechless, the twinkling goes on, greatly enhancing the flashing beauty of the gem.

The secret of this motion is in the setting of the diamond and the method is patented. The patentee is reaping a royalty of $50 from every manufacturing jew 'er to whom he sells the privilege of using it. The stone is set in the usual manner, except that a band like the handle of a diminutive basket is attached to the framework.

On the other side of the band is a cup-like cavity. On the lower part of the hoop is a pin, pointed with rhodium—a metal which never wears out—something like the iridium with which gold pens are tipped.

When the diamonds are put into position on the hoop the rhodium point projects into the cup. The result is what scientists call a condition of unstable equilibrium. Like the pea blown with a pipe by a schoolboy, the diamond is given no rest, with the difference that no effort is required to keep it dancing.

Coal Dust.

One-seventh of the coal mined is lost from being broken up too finely to be burned with profit. A prominent railroad company is now mixing the dust with pitch and compressing it into blocks that burn like hard coal, with the advantage that they are entirely consumed to ashes and leave no clinkers.

A farmer at Colusa, Cal., had to turn a flock of sheep into his field after plowing in order to keep down the weeds.

DWELLERS IN TENTS.

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Beautiful Descriptions Mingled with Words of Advice and Consolation.—A Famous Battlefield Visited.—Drops from Jacob's Well.—The Final Battle Between Right and Wrong.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1890.—This morning in the Academy of Music in this city and this evening at the services in the New York Academy of Music, Dr. Talmage preached the eighth of the series of sermons he is giving on his tour in Palestine. At both services the respective buildings were crowded to their utmost capacity in five minutes after the doors were opened, and all who came later were unable to get in. Dr. Talmage's subject was "Among the Bedouins," and his text, Numbers 10:31—"Forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness."

Night after night we have slept in tent in Palestine. There are large villages of Bedouins without a house, and for three thousand years the people of those places have lived in black tents, made out of dyed skins, and when the winds and storms wore out and tore out those coverings, others of the same kind took their places. Noah lived in a tent. Abraham in a tent. Jacob pitched his tent on the mountain. Isaac pitched his tent in the valley. Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. In a tent the woman Jael nailed Sisera, the general, to the ground, first having given him sour milk called "leben" as a soporific to make him soundly sleep, that being the effect of such nutrition, as modern travelers can testify. The Syrian army in a tent. The ancient battle-shout was "To your tents, O Israel!" Paul was a tent-maker. Indeed, Isiah, magnificently poetic, indicates that all the human race live under a blue tent when he says that God "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," and Hezekiah compares death to the striking of a tent, saying, "My age is removed from me as a shepherd's tent."

In our tent in Palestine tonight I hear something I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks near by. When you have seen this monster putting his mouth between the iron bars of a menagerie, he is a captive and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the midnight on a throne of rocks he has nothing to fear and he utters himself in a loud, resounding, terrific, almost supernatural sound, splitting up the darkness into a deeper midnight. It begins with a howl and ends with a sound something like a horse's whining. In the hyena's voice are defiance and strength and blood-thirstiness and crunch of broken bones and death.

I am glad to say that for the most part Palestine is clear of beasts of prey. The leopards which Jeremiah says cannot change their spots, have all disappeared and the lions that once were common all through this land and used by all the prophets as illustrations of cruelty and wrath, have retreated before the discharges of gunpowder of which they have an indescribable fear. But for the most part Palestine is what it originally was. With the one exception of a wire thread reaching from Joppa to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to Nazareth and from Nazareth to Tiberias and from Tiberias to Damascus, that one nerve of civilization the telegraphic wire (for we found ourselves only a few minutes off from Brooklyn and New York while standing by Lake Galilee) with that one exception, Palestine is just as it always was.

Nothing surprised me so much as the persistence of everything. A sheep or horse falls dead, and though the sky may one minute before be clear of all wings, in five minutes after the skies are black with eagles cawing, screaming, plunging, fighting for room, contending for largest morsels of the extinct quadruped. Ah, now I understand the force of Christ's illustration when He said: "Wheresoever the carcase is there will the eagles be gathered together." The longevity of those eagles is wonderful. They live fifty or sixty and sometimes a hundred years. Ah, that explains what David meant when he said: "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." I saw a shepherd with the folds of his coat far bent outward and I wondered what was contained in that amplitude of apparel and I said to the dragoman, "What has that shepherd got under his coat?" And the dragoman said: "It is a very young lamb he is carrying. It is too young and too weak and too cold to keep up with the flock." At that moment I saw the lamb put its head out from the shepherd's bosom and I said "There it is now, Isiah's description of the tenderness of God—"He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom."

But here we found ourselves at Jacob's well, the most famous well in history, most distinguished for two things, because it belonged to the old patriarch after whom it was named, and for the wonderful things which Christ said, seated on this well-curb, to the Samaritan woman. We dismount from our horses in a drizzling rain, and our dragoman climbing up to the well over slippery stones, stumbles and frightens us all by nearly falling into it. I measured the well at the top and found it six feet from edge to edge. Some grass and weeds and thorny growths over-hang it. In one place the roof is broken through. Large stones embank the wall on all sides. Our dragoman took pebbles and dropped them in, and from the time they left his hand to the instant they clicked on the bottom you could hear it was deep, though not so deep as once, for every day travelers are applying the same test, and though in the time of Maundrell, the traveler, the well was a hundred and sixty-five feet deep, now it is only seventy-five. So great is the curiosity of the world to know about that well, that during the dry season a Captain Anderson descended into this well, and at one place the sides were so close that he had to put his hands over his head in order to get through, and then he fainted away, and lay at the bottom of the well as though dead until hours after recovery, when he came to the surface.

It is not like other wells digged down to a fountain that fills it, but a reservoir to catch the falling rains, and to that Christ refers when speaking to the Samaritan woman about a spiritual supply, he said that he would, if asked, have given her "living water;" that is, water from a flowing spring, in distinction from the water of that well, which was rain water. But why did Jacob make a reservoir there when there is plenty of water all around and abundance of springs and fountains and seemingly no need of that reservoir? Why did Jacob go to the vast expense of boring and digging a well perhaps two hundred feet deep, as first completed, when by going a little way off he could have water from other fountains at little or no expense? Ah, Jacob was wise. He wanted his own well. Quarrels and wars might arise with other tribes and the supply of water might be cut off, so the shovels and pick-axes and boring instruments were ordered, and the well of nearly four thousand years ago was sunk through the solid rock.

When Jacob thus wisely insisted on having his own well he taught us not to be unnecessarily dependent on others. Independence of business character. Independence of moral character. Independence of religious character. Have your own well of grace, your own well of courage, your own well of divine supply. If you are an invalid you have a right to be dependent on others. But if God has given you good health, common sense, and two eyes, and two ears, and two hands, and two feet, He equipped you for independence of all the universe except himself. If He had meant you to be dependent on others you would have been built with a cord around your waist to tie fast to somebody else. No; you are built with common sense to fashion your own opinions, with eyes to find your own way, with ears to select your own music, with hands to fight your own battles. There is only one being in the universe whose advice you need, and that is God. Have your own well and the Lord will fill it. Dig it if need be through two hundred feet of solid rock. Dig it with your pen, or dig it with your yardstick, or dig it with your shovel, or dig it with your Bible.

In my small way I never accomplished anything for God or the Church, or the world, or my family, or myself, except in contradiction to human advice and in obedience to divine counsel. God knows everything and what is the use of going for advice to human beings who know so little that no one but the all-seeing God can realize how little it is. I suppose that when Jacob began to dig this well on which we are sitting this noontide, people gathered around and said: "What a useless expense you are going to, when rolling down from yonder Mount Gerizim and down from yonder Mount Ebal, and out yonder in the valley is plenty of water!" "Oh," replied Jacob, "that is all true, but suppose my neighbors should get angered against me and cut off my supply of mountain beverage, what would I do, and what would my family do, and what would my flocks and herds do! Forward, ye brigade of pick-axes and crowbars, and go down into the depths of these rocks and make me independent of all except Him who fills the bottles of the clouds! I must have my own well!"

Young man, drop cigars and cigarettes, and wine cups, and the Sunday excursions and build your own house and have your own wardrobe and be your own capitalist! "Why, I have only five hundred dollars income a year!" says some one. Then spend four hundred dollars of it in living and ten per cent of it, or fifty dollars, in benevolence, and the other fifty in beginning to dig your own well. Or, if you have a thousand dollars a year, spend eight hundred dollars of it in living, ten per cent, or one hundred dollars, in benevolence, and the remaining one hundred in beginning to dig your own well. The largest bird that ever flew through the air was hatched out of one egg, and the greatest estate was brooded out of one dollar.

I suppose when Jacob began to dig this well on whose curb we are now seated this December noon, it was a dry season then as now, and some one comes up and says: "Now, Jacob, suppose you get the well fifty feet deep or two hundred feet deep and there should be no water to fill it, would you not feel silly?" People passing along the road and looking down from Mount Gerizim or Mount Ebal near by would laugh and say: "That is Jacob's well, a great hole in the rock, illustrating the man's folly." Jacob replied, "There never has been a well in Palestine or any other country, that once thoroughly dug was not sooner or later filled from the clouds, and this will be no exception." For months after Jacob had completed the well people went by and out of respect for the deluded old man put their hand over their mouth to hide a snicker, and the well remained as dry as the bottom of a kettle that had been hanging over the fire for three hours. But one day the sun was drawing water, and the wind got round to the east and it began to drizzle and then great drops splashed all over the well-curb, and the heavens opened their reservoir and the rainy season poured its floods for six weeks, and there came maidens to the well with empty pails and carried them away full, and the camels thrust their mouths into the troughs and were satisfied, and the water was in the well three feet deep, and fifty feet deep, and two hundred feet deep, and all the Bedouins of the neighborhood, and all the passers-by realized that Jacob was wise in having his own well. My hearer, it is your part to dig your own well and it is God's part to fill it. You do your part and He will do His part.

Much is said about "good luck," but people who are industrious and self-denying almost always have good luck. You can afford to be laughed at because of your application and economy, for when you get your well dug, and filled, it will be your turn to laugh.

But look up from this famous well, and see two mountains and the plain between them, on which was gathered the largest religious audience that ever assembled on earth, about five hundred thousand people. Mount Gerizim, about eight hundred feet high, on one side, and on the other, Mount Ebal, the former called the Mount of Blessing and the latter called the Mount of Cursing. At Joshua's command six tribes stood on Mount Gerizim and read the blessings for keeping the law, and six tribes stood on Mount Ebal reading the curses for breaking the law, while the five hundred thousand people on the plain cried Amen with an emphasis that must have made the earth tremble. "I do not believe that," says some one, "for those mountain tops are two miles apart, and how could a voice be heard from top to top?" My answer is that while the tops are two miles apart, the bases of the mountain are only half a mile apart, and the tribes stood on the sides of the mountains, and the air is so clear, and the acoustic qualities of this great natural amphitheatre so perfect that voices can be distinctly heard from mountain to mountain as has been demonstrated by travelers fifty times in the last fifty years.

Can you imagine anything more thrilling and sublime, and overwhelming than what transpired on those two mountain sides, and in the plain between, when the responsive *service went on, and thousands of voices on* Mount Gerizim cried, "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the fields, blessed shall be thy basket and thy store!" and from Mount Ebal thousands of voices responded, crying: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark! Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way," and then there rolled up from all the spaces between the mountains that one word, with which the devout of earth close their prayers, and the glorified of heaven finish their doxologies: "Amen! Amen!"—that scene only to be surpassed by the times which are coming, when the churches and the academies of music, and the auditoriums of earth, no longer large enough to hold the worshippers of God, the parks, the mountain sides, the great natural amphitheatres of the valleys, shall be filled with the out-pouring populations of the earth, and mountain shall reply to mountain, as Mount Gerizim to Mount Ebal, and all the people between shall ascribe riches and honor, and glory, and dominion and victory to God the Lamb, and there shall arise an Amen like the booming of the heavens mingling with the thunder of the seas.

On and on we ride until now we have come to Shiloh, a dead city on a hill surrounded by rocks, sheep, goats, olive gardens and vineyards. Here good Eli fell backward and broke his neck, and lay dead at the news from his bad boys Phineas and Hophni; and life is not worth living after one's children have turned out badly, and more fortunate was Eli, instantly expiring under such tidings, than these parents who, their children recreant and profligate, live on with broken hearts, to see them going down into deeper and deeper plunge. There are fathers and mothers here today to whom death would be happy release because of their recreant sons. And if there be recreant sons here present, and your parents be far away, why not bow your head in repentance, and at the close of this service go to the telegraph office and put it on the wing of the lightning that you have turned from your evil ways? Before another twenty-four hours have passed, take your feet off the sad hearts at the old homestead. Home to thy God, O prodigal!

Many, many letters do I get in purport saying: My son is in your city; we have not heard from him for some time; we fear something is wrong; hunt him up and say a good word to him; his mother is almost crazy about him; he is a child of many prayers. But how can I hunt him up unless he be in this audience? Where are you, my boy? On the main floor, or on this platform, or in these boxes, or in these great galleries? Where are you? Lift your right hand. I have a message from home. Your father is anxious about you, your mother is praying for you. Your God is calling for you. Or will you wait until Eli falls back lifeless, and the heart against which you lay in infancy ceases to beat? What a story to tell in eternity that you killed her? My God! Avert that catastrope!

But I turn from this Shiloh of Eli's sudden decease under bad news from his boys and find close by, what is called the "Meadow of the Feast." While this ancient city was in the height of its prosperity, on this "Meadow of the Feast" there was an annual ball where the maidens of the city, amid clapping cymbals and a blare of trumpets, danced in glee, upon which thousands of spectators gazed. But no dance since the world stood ever broke up in such a strange way as the one the Bible describes. One night while by the light of the lamps and torches these gaieties went on, two hundred Benjamites, who had been hidden behind the rocks and among the trees, dashed upon the scene. They came not to injure or destroy, but wishing to set up households of their own, the women of their own land having been slain in battle, and by preconcerted arrangement each one of the two hundred Benjaminites seized the one whom he chose for the queen of his home, and carried her away to large estate and beautiful residence, for these two hundred Benjamites had inherited the wealth of a nation.

As today near Shiloh we look at the "Meadow of the Feast," where the maidens danced that night, and at the mountain gorge up which the Benjamites carried their brides, we bethink ourselves of the better land and the better times in which we live, where such scenes are an impossibility, and amid orderly groups, and with prayer and benediction and breath of orange blossoms and the roll of the wedding march, marriage is solemnized, and with oath recorded in heaven, two immortals start arm in arm on a journey, to last until death do them part. Upon every such marriage altar may there come the blessing of Him "who setteth the solitary in families." Side by side on the path of life! Side by side in their graves! Side by side in heaven.

But we must this afternoon, our last day before reaching Nazareth, pitch our tent on the most famous battlefield of all time—the plain Esdraelon. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as he crossed it on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth! Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the inherited blood of flowers that drank the blood of fallen armies. Hardly a foot of the ground that has not at some time been gullied with war chariots or trampled with the hoofs of cavalry. It is a plain reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Upon it look down the mountains of Tabor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through it rages at certain seasons the river Kishon, which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occuring in November when there is almost always a shower of meteors so that "the stars in their courses" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu, and the iron chariots of the Canaanites, scythed at the hubs of the wheels, mowing down their awful swathes of death—thousands in a minute. The Syrian armies, the Turkish armies, the Egyptian armies again and again trampled it. There they career across it. David and Joshua, and Godfrey and Richard Coeur de Lion, and Baldwin and Saladin—a plain not only famous for the past, but famous because the Bible says the great decisive battle of the world will be fought there—the battle of Armageddon.

To me the plain was the more absorbing because of the desperate battles here, and in regions round, in which the Holy Cross, the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified, was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host; and that night closing my eyes in my tent on the plain of Esdraelon—for there are some things we can see better with eyes shut than open—the scenes of that ancient war came before me. The twelfth century was closing and Saladin at the head of eighty thousand mounted troops was crying, "Ho for Jerusalem! Ho for all Palestine!" And before them everything went down, but not without unparalleled resistance. In one place one hundred and thirty Christians were surrounded by many thousands of furious Mohammedans. For one whole day the one hundred and thirty held out against these thousands. Tennyson's "six hundred" when "some one had blundered," were eclipsed by these one hundred and thirty fighting for the Holy Cross. They took hold of the lances which had pierced them with death wounds, and pulling them out of their own breasts and sides, hurled them back again at the enemy. On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen, and he, mounted on the last horse, wielded his battle axe right and left till his horse fell under the plunge of the javelins, and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave up his life on the points of a score of spears. But soon after the last battle came. History portrays it, poetry chants it, painting colors it, and all ages admire that last struggle to keep in possession the wooden cross on which Jesus was said to have expired. It was a battle in which mingled the fury of devils and the grandeur of angels. Thousands of dead Christians on this side. Thousands of dead Mohammedans on the other side. The battle was hottest close around the wooden cross upheld by the Bishop of Ptolemais, himself wounded and dying. And when the Bishop of Ptolemais dropped dead, the Bishop of Lydda seized the cross and again *lifted it, carrying it onward into a wilder* and fiercer fight, and sword against javelin, and battle axe upon helmet, and piercing spear against splintering shield. Horses and men tumbled into heterogeneous death. Now the wooden cross on which the armies of the Christians had kept their eyes, begins to waver, begins to descend. It falls, and the wailing of the Christian host at its disappearance drowns the huzzah of the victorious Moslems. But that standard of the cross only seemed to fall. It rides the sky today in triumph. Five hundred million souls, the mightest army of the ages, are following it, and where that goes they will go, across the earth and up the mighty steeps of the heavens. In the twelfth century it seemed to go down, but in the nineteenth century it is the mightiest symbol of glory and triumph, and means more than any other standard, whether inscribed with eagle, or lion, or bear, or star, or crescent. That which Saladin trampled on the plain of Esdraelon I lift today for your marshalling. The cross! The cross! The foot of it is planted in the earth it saves, the top of it pointing to the heavens to which it will take you, and the outspread beam of it like outstretched arms of invitation to all nations. Kneel at its foot. Lift your eye to its victim. Swear eternal allegiance to its power. And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called to bear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me.

As I fall asleep tonight on my pillow in the tent on the plain of Esdraelon reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, the waters of the river Kishon soothing me as by a lullaby, I hear the gathering of the hosts for the last battle of all the earth. And by their representatives America is here and Europe is here and Asia is here and Africa is here, and all heaven is here, and all hell is here, and Apollyon on the black horse leads the armies of darkness, and Jesus on the white horse leads the armies of light, and I hear the roll of the drums and the clear call of the clarions, and the thunder of the cannonades. And then I heard the wild rush as of millions of troops in retreat, and then the shout of victory as from fourteen hundred million throats, and then a song as though all the armies of earth and heaven were joining it, clapping cymbals beating the time—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever."

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why, the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier. "Very cozy was his office, too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Some time ago, I remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND SAYS:

IT EXECUTIVE CHAMBER. IS

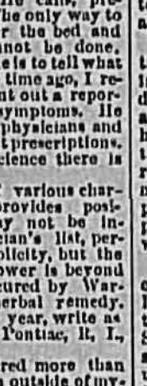
Annapolis, Md., Jan. 6, '90.

"I have often used ST. JACOBS OIL, and find it a good Liniment."

ELIHU E. JACKSON,
Gov. of Md.

THE BEST.

1,000 DOZEN FREE!



1,000 Dozen pairs Ladies Sox Fall and Winter Hosiery given absolutely free to introduce HOME GUEST. They are heavy, warm, well made, fashionable, solid wool, stripe, checks, all the popular shades (spiritual navy blue, seal brown, black, slate, tan, in fact style and colors to suit all tastes. Don't pay 25 to 75cts. for sox of Fall and Winter hose when you can get a dozen for nothing. The old reliable HOME GUEST, of New York, is a complete family paper, richly illustrated, containing serial and short stories, romance, sketches, wit, humor, fashions, household hints, stories for children &c., &c. Positively the entire lot (1,000 dozen) to be given away during the next 60 days. We also send the HOME GUEST six months free to 1,000 persons who will answer this advertisement and send us the address of 10 newspaper readers from different families. To the club raiser of the list of 10 subscribers we send 1 dozen pairs of these beautiful and useful articles. We are determined to lead the race in generous, honest liberal inducements. It is a colossal offer and will not appear again. If you want a dozen fashionable, fine hosiery send 1 Set, in all, or stamps, to help pay postage, packing, &c., and names of 10 newspaper readers, and you will receive paper 6 months. Address, HOME GUEST, 19 Nassau Street, New York.

PROF. S. V. R. FORD,

Discoverer of "HOPE FOR THE BALD." [Trade Mark.] Hair Restorer and Retainer. Pamphlet of Information and Testimonials mailed on receipt of stamp.

"Hope For The Bald"

Is indorsed by The Albany, (N. Y.) Chemical Co.; Hon. John T. Hanson, (Ex-Mayor) Gloversville, N. Y.; Dr. Wm. M. Davis, Gloversville, N. Y.; F. W. Hoffman, Druggist, Albany, N. Y., and many prominent physicians throughout the country who have tested its value. Price $1 per bottle or six bottles for $5, by express. Address PROF. S. V. R. FORD, No. 46 North Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y.

Special price to the Trade.

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MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address

JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner of Pensions.
Washington, D. C.

SIC Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Prevents contagion. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request. Sold by all Druggists.

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.

I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.

A. J. STONER, M. D., DECATUR, ILL.

Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.

Manufactured by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

Trade Mark.

A PRESENT.

SEND us your address and we will make you a present of the best Automatic WASHING MACHINE in the World. No wash-board or rubbing needed. We want you to show it to your friends, or act as agent if you can. You can COIN MONEY. We also give a HANDSOME WATCH to the first from each county. Write quick. Address N. Y. LAUNDRY WORKS, 5 Dey St., N. Y.

OLD COINS WANTED If you have any plain dates before 1871, send list. We pay from five cents to $2500 premium on hundreds of kinds. Enclose stamp for particulars. May mean a fortune to you. W. T. SKINNER, P. O. Box 3045, Boston, Mass.

ASTHMA CURED. FREE A trial Package By mail to sufferers. Dr. E. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

PATENTS E. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample pkg., 10c. The Pedine Co., New York.

GARFIELD TEA Cures Constipation and Sick Headache. Free samples at all druggists or 319 W. 45th St., N. Y.

FLORIDA FREE INFORMATION. Cheap homes for all. Send stamp for illustrated "Home seeker." O. M. Crosby, 96 Franklin St., N. Y.

FOR SALE FARMS in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and other States. Send for list. BOWLEY & BLACH, 85 Washington St., Chicago.

MAJ. M. M. GORDON, Attorney, Increases a Specialty **PENSION CLAIM AG'T.** 21 to 26 West Madison Street, Chicago.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Chicago has a Protective Agency for women and children, which in the last three years has collected nearly $3,000 of wages due shop-girls, seamstresses, domestics and clerks.

Apropos of the educational progress of women in England, it is worthy of note that at Birmingham there 41 women and only three men candidates for the Cambridge higher local examinations; at Bradford, 24 women, one man; Leeds, 35 women, two men; at Manchester, 41 women, one man; at Liverpool, 59 women, one man.

A department has been recently opened at the Royal Observatory, at Greenwich, which is presided over entirely by women. Four ex-Newnham students, at the head of whom is Miss Clemens, a lady who was for some years resident in Manchester, are engaged in daily work at the observatory. Their employment includes exact measurement from photographs, as well as actual photography and night observations.

Some philanthropic women have established a "Children's Happy Evening Association" in the east end of London. They have secured for two hours at evening the use of unoccupied schoolhouses, where they gather the poor little children from the wretched labyrinths of the city and teach them (for many of them do not know) how to play the simple games which are supposed to be familiar to children the world over.

The worst physical enemy woman has ever had has been the narrowness of life which gave her so little to think of that she had endless time for worry. She gains in physical force with every step toward intellectuality and spirituality. Nor does she burden her heart toward humanity and despise the home. The whole question of the home, instead of being ignored, is being treated with scientific care and unsparing devotion.—The Chautauquan.

Miss Lydia Emmot, who is still a young girl, though an adept in stained-glass work, has completed a memorial window for the family of the late Dr. Mercer, for many years rector of Trinity church, Newark, N. J., which is to be placed in that church. The design is very simple: a large cross against a somewhat lurid sky, with the rays of the hidden sun darting from behind a cloud and irradiating the cross, the management of the glass showing remarkable skill.

The young women seem to be a thorn in the flesh at Harvard. Prof. Palmer, of the philosophical department, who teaches in both the college and the annex for young women, has publicly said that he has to prepare his lessons better for the annex than for the college, for the young women are sharper questioners than the young men. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton has told his college students that they do not pass so good examinations as the women; and even the Greek professor bears the same testimony.

The sentimental young woman twenty years ago, charming and sweet as she was, has given way to a creature no less charming and sweet because instead of having her eyes turned always up to the stars she has them cooll but helpfully fixed upon the affairs of men and nations, and none the less graceful and pleasing because in place of having minds that yearns for "The True Woman's Mission," she has definite and decided opinions upon the business rights of women, or the possibilities of what in Boston is called "Christian Socialism."

H. G. Wadlin, statistician of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau, in his recent report, says that woman "has made an entrance into the industrial world, has increased her hold upon old branches of occupation and forced her way into many new ones. She is better educated for active employment, better able to grapple with the difficulties of business than ever before, and, having tasted of the sweets of independence by being able to support herself and help others, one is forced to conclude that woman's position in industry is secure and permanent. Every occupation but those calling for too much out-door exposure or too much muscular labor is open to woman, and if she has not already secured footing therein the next census will show that she has found a way."

MORSELS OF GASTRONOMY.

Soft-shelled crabs are marching out of gastronomic sight.

Baked apples and cream has become really a "fashionable dish."

Oysters are in good supply, and, too, of quality to be commended.

In nine cases out of ten the patent soup is a delusion and snare.

A few more days and nobody at dinner will acknowledge the corn.

Buckwheat cakes and indigestion will be due in this country next month.

Those who are not prejudiced can now enjoy roast pig and apple sauce.

A great deal of stale bread in the family reappears as "Scotch toast."

That there is nothing new under the sun applies particularly to puddings.

The increased tax on macaroni may make it more of a gastronomic luxury.

Corn fritters made of canned corn are most enjoyable when left severely alone.

People forget that potato salad for breakfast is as bad as pie at the same meal.

No Anglomaniac's breakfast is complete now without the "English bacon slices."

Baked quinces are to be more appreciated than ever because of their scarcity.

Sam Ward held that quail should always be broiled or roasted whole, never split.

Mince meat for thanksgiving pie should now be put up in the household.

When epicures decide between California and Maine salmon they choose the latter.

The Paddock and Conger Bills.

The meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Ass'n did one thing of note. It sat in judgment upon the relative merits of the Conger Lard Bill and Paddock Pure Food Bill, giving the preference to the latter. This is a matter of no little practical importance, and there was no politics in it. The only question is which one of them is best calculated to protect the producers and consumers. This indorsement will have no little weight. No class is so much interested in preventing adulteration as farmers. From the standpoint of consumption they sustain the same relation to the subject as the rest of the country, and it is clearly in the interest of production to discourage imitations. Pure lard is highly important, but purity is desired in all kinds of food. The Paddock Bill requires all drugs and food products offered for sale to be branded, and prohibits adulteration under penalty. All the farmers' organizations of the country favor the Paddock Bill.

THE PICKPOCKET'S SKILL.

It Requires Nerve, Strength and Marvelous Dexterity of Fingers.

"There is no class of artists," said a renowned thief, "who in their calling are as dexterious as pickpockets. This is due to a double incentive. Not only does your pickpocket find a bait for effort and exertion in success, but has the added spur of a fear of failure. Success means as much to a pickpocket as to any man and failure means a great deal more. A vocation in which the slightest slip means loss of liberty and perhaps of life, will ever be apt to have a degree of expertness in its followers not present in more reputable and safer avenues of trade. Pickpockets, like poets, are born, not made. Their nerves must be iron and yet as sensitive as instinct. Their hands must be as complete in make-up and accomplishment as Herrmann's and strong as steel while light as down. Out of the vast army of humanity who are soldiers of the shadows, only one-fourth of one per cent can or do become pickpockets. These form the nobility of thieves and are reverenced by the burglar, the footpad, the sneak and the "con" man as of a higher class than they. The practice of a pickpocket while not really at work, is as constant as that of some famed professor of the viol or harp. He keeps pace with the procession. No sooner does some jeweler invent a new fastening for diamond pins or studs, than these men of finest touch devise the motion which evades its purpose.

"The chief object of a pickpocket, after certainty, is speed. He cannot dally with his victim by the hour. What he does is to be over in a flash. Speaking of pins and studs, there has never been a fastening so complex but the expert thieves could defeat it in a motion. They do in their business as fine work as any Houdin and the thief himself could not analyze or explain its detail. His powers of execution have gone far beyond his power of perception or relation.

"A pickpocket consults his own nervous condition constantly. No fine lady ever has such a time with her nerves as this aristocrat of the outlaws. If he does not feel right he won't 'work.' When he does, I've known one on the impulse to take a car on some well-dressed and wealthy street and, seating himself side to the window, survey the shirt front of every would-be passenger as the car came up. The moment one showed a diamond in his linen or cravat the thief would arise and hurry to the platform to get off. He would time his maneuvers so as to meet his man on the step of the car. They would collide. The thief's hat—a stiff silk or derby—is in his left hand and covers his dextrous right, which is put forward to protect its owner in the collision. It touches the new comer right where the diamond sparkles and is still covered by the hat in the other hand. With an apology the thief steps out of the way; the whole affair is the tenth part of a second, but as he bows his regrets he has the diamond in that mysterious hand of his, and, as I have said, he could not detail the moves by which he attained it, even if he should try."

Some Funny Newspaper Bulls.

There were some good newspaper bulls during the session, says the St. James Gazette—all of the genuine Irish breed. Mr. Donal Sullivan introduced to the house one from an Irish paper. It was in the form of an advertisement for a laborer and a boy, and concluded thus: "With grazing for two goats; both Protestants."

An Irishman writing in the Times on the late Baron Dowse concluded his eulogium: "A great Irishman has passed away. God grant that many as great, and who shall as wisely love their country, may follow him."

A Dublin paper heard that "the health of Mr. Parnell had latterly taken a very serious turn, and that fears of his recovery are entertained by his friends." Several English papers quoted this without detecting the bull.

A Cork paper, in describing an interval of peace in a stormy public meeting, said: "For some time a great calm raged."

How to Kiss the Queen.

Joel Benton gives important information to persons who expect to kiss the queen or to be kissed by her majesty. "Persons of high rank," writes Mr. Benton, "especially the ladies, have the privilege of being kissed by the queen. Other ladies make a low courtesy and kiss the queen's hand, which she places in the palm of their hand. If the queen condescends to kiss an untitled person, this person must not expect to return a kiss in kind, but must only kiss her hand. Of course a lady, before reaching the queen, must have her right hand ungloved." In addition to this it is also worth while for Americans to know that according to the best etiquette they do not have to kiss the queen's hand unless they want to.

Came Near Putting His Foot In It.

Mr. Backlot (on the way to church)—"See that burdock draggin' on Mis' Lonely's dress. I'm a-goin' to stop on 't and pull 't off."

Mrs. Backlot (in horrified whisper)—"Don't tech it, Silas! Don't you know that widders had to wear woods?"—St. Joseph News.

FARM NOTES.

Eggs can be preserved by simply placing them on racks in a cool place, and turning them twice a week. It is important when preserving eggs to have every egg fresh, as a single stale egg in a lot will injure the whole. Eggs to be preserved should never be bought from other parties, as there is too much liability of having some among them unfit for the purpose desired.

Labor is the great factor on the farm that gives the best return of all the expenses, but everything depends on how and where it is applied. It is not the number of hours' labor performed that brings in the profit, for misapplied labor may entail a loss, but in systematic arrangement, by which every matter demanding attention receives its share at the proper time and with the least effort necessary.

The best help we can give to those who are trying to get to heaven is to keep squarely in the middle of the road ourselves.

"When the robins nest again," she said, "I suppose my cold will get well." So he felt very sad, but suddenly bethought him of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The cough was cured and those two were happy.

Hold fast by the present. Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite value, for it is the representative of a whole eternity.—Goethe.

People call it backache and do nothing for it until the doctor is called and he pronounces it rheumatism. If they had used Salvation Oil in time the doctor's bill could have been saved.

One of the difficulties in banking up all kinds of roots or cabbage, is that of the ground becoming frozen and sealing them up until the weather becomes mild. A farmer who has tried the method, suggests that cabbage be packed in barrels and the barrels covered with earth, the head of the barrel being so arranged as to allow the cabbages to be taken out as required and the barrel head covered with straw.

The first thing for acceptance of truth is (says General Gordon) to unlearn human doctrines and become as a little child.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Consider the man who is always punctual—how much time he wastes waiting for other people.

BIRD manna The secret of Canaries' Mountains. It restores the vocal powers and makes them sing even if moulting. Mailed for 15c. Sold by all druggists. Bird Book free. 600 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send also for a free sample and Cattle Powder, the best in the world. **SING.** makes Canaries of the Harts song of Canary Birds, prevents their ailments and keeps them in good health, while shedding feathers, druggists, grocers & bird fanciers. THE BIRD FOOD CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA. of FRONEFELD'S Horse with free book.



FAT PEOPLE!

REDUCED BY Chinese Herb Treatment 15 to 30 lbs per month. Safe, sure and beneficial. Send stamps for pamphlet. WILLIAM CROSKEY, M. D., 61 Honore Block, Chicago.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus post FREE, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.



"Sanativo" CURED ME.

ARE YOU WEAK? If you suffer from LOST MANHOOD, SERIOUS DISEASES, OR LOSSES of any kind from EXCESSES, we will give you a FREE TRIAL of this WONDERFUL MEDICINE. WE GUARANTEE A CURE in every case. Write us to send you a FREE sample package sealed in plain wrapper. Send 10cts. silver or stamps to cover packing and postage. KERRID CHEMICAL CO., 417 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

MOTHERS Dr. Snyder's Kidney Balsam cures Enuresis BED-WETTING. Price $1 per package by mail. For sale by all druggists or at office. For circulars and testimonials address, with stamps, Dr. G. W. F. SNYDER, 213 State St., Chicago.

Ask your Druggist to order it for you.

STEREOPTICONS MCINTOSH Battery & Optical Co. CHICAGO, ILL. **MAGIC LANTERNS.**

$200.00 TO $500.00 Cash, balance 10 to 20 years at 6 per cent. annual interest, will buy a farm in Nebraska or Kansas (partial payments permitted) to suit purchaser. For large list of BARGAINS inclose stamp to Hinger & Bradley, 1519 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.



MUSICAL.

There seems to be little going on in musical circles of late, but there is much talk, among musical people, of the marvelous cure of Miss B——, the high contralto singer, who has long suffered from a severe throat or bronchial affection, superinduced by Catarrh in the Head, and who has been perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, coupled with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For all bronchial, throat and lung affections, and lingering coughs, it is an unequaled remedy. When complicated with Chronic Nasal Catarrh, its use should be coupled with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of all druggists.

VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

One 2-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline 10 cts.
One 2-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade 15 cts.
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream..... 15 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice..... 10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented..... 10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented..... 25 cts.
One 2-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 25 cts.
—$1.10

Or for stamps any single article at the price.

If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

CHESEBROUGH M'f'g. Co., 24 State St., New York.

Home Decoration.



Our improved Novelty Rug Machine uses 2 needles; coarse needle for rugs, mittens, &c., and fine needle for zephyrs, or silk, on plush or velvet. Machines sent by mail for $1.10. Price list of Machines, rug patterns, fine embroidery, patterns on Muslin, yarns, zephyrs, plush, &c., sent free. Liberal terms to agents. E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send (sealed) FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq. Box 2290, N. Y. City.

FAT FOLKS Reduced 15 to 25 pounds per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving. No inconvenience. Confidential. Send 6c. for circulars and testimonials. Address, DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, 213 State St., Chicago, Ill.

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PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

MEN WEAK from Nervous Debility, Vital Wasting etc. Send for my free Book of Remedies and cure yourselves at home. Dr. J. Bennett, 41 S. Clark St., Chicago.

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LADIES write for terms, $1 Sample Corset free to Agts. Lewis Schiele & Co., 361 B'way, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm Cures COLD HEAD RELIEVES INSTANTLY. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.



THE NEW AMERICAN Stem Wind & Stem Set, ONLY $1.00.

The New American is Handsome Shell Pattern Hunting Case, a correct illustration of which we show in this advertisement, is now ready and by placing a very large order we have secured the exclusive sale for the United States and Canada. It is a stem winder and stem setter with patent adjustment, and is fitted with a new patent stem winding arrangement found on no other. It is hunting case, beautifully engraved of the newest style shell pattern, as shown in cut, plated with pure gold on solid yellow metal (sometimes called aluminium), and in appearance is similar to a gold watch. The crystal is double thick polished French glass, and all the cog wheels, pinions and bearings are perfectly made by the most improved and expensive machinery, and each part is carefully fitted by skilled workmen. Each one is carefully inspected, regulated and tested before leaving the factory, and fully warranted by us for five years if used with reasonable care.

Special Offer We will send the New American Stem Winder and Stem Setter, with a beautiful gold plated chain and charm, all packed in an elegant satin lined case, on receipt of only $1.00 bill, money order, postage stamps or postal note, provided the person receiving it will faithfully promise to send us as many orders from their locality as possible. Our New Catalogue of Watches, representing one of the largest lines to be found in any Catalogue will be sent with each order. We want one good agent in every town to take the agency for the sale of our reliable watches, which we illustrate in Our Catalogue at prices from $2.00 upward. We send them to all parts of the United States by mail and express. SEND $1.00 AT ONCE and we will forward the New American by mail, post-paid. Your order will be filled the day we receive it. We will refund the money of any dissatisfied customer. Send $1.00 by registered letter, post office money order, express money order or bank draft, payable to our order. Babcock & Co., 35 & 37 Frankfort St., N. Y.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND **PENNYROYAL PILLS**

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. *Refuse Substitutions and Imitations.* All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. *Name Paper.* CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

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Our Special Premium Catalogue Sent Free

to any address, gives three ways of securing a great variety of the finest goods in the market for

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1st.—These goods can be had, WITHOUT COST, by earning them in sending us two or more new subscribers.

2d.—They can be had for part work and a small difference in cash.

3d.—They can be bought for the lowest prices possible, if you do not care to earn them as Premiums.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

A VERY FINE LINE OF LAMPS AT C. O. FOLTZ.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
HAINESVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.
} $1. PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois.

A good many of the voters of Pennsylvania seem to entertain similar sentiments to those expressed by Representative Kennedy of Ohio, in his notorious expurgated speech.

THE democratic rooster is for the time being the National bird; the republican eagle is in a somewhat dilapidated condition and even the Thanksgiving turkey makes way for the proudly strutting democratic cock.

WITH 100 Democratic and 101 Republican members in the next General Assembly, an exciting time will probably be witnessed by the three Farmer's Alliance members who, perhaps, can do nothing more than sit on the fence and watch the fight.

GOV. FIFER is of the opinion that the great political land-slide at the fall elections this year was due to the fact that many of the disappointed office seekers voted the Democratic ticket. It is too bad that President Harrison did not have an office for all of his supporters.

THE Chicago City Council has prepared for the issuance of the $500,000,000 of World's Fair bonds. If the ordinance is passed 4 per-cent. coupons will be issued, bearing date of Jan. 1, 1891, and payable thirty years after date; the interest to be paid semi-annually.

IN retaliation for the passage of the McKinley law the authorities of Victoria, British Columbia, have compelled every American drummer doing business in that place to pay a license of $50. This only entitles him to sell goods by sample until Jan. 1, after which date, every foreign salesman must pay a fee of $100 for the privilege.

IT woul dbe an extremely difficult task to find a neighborhood in the United States that does not contain clients for whom Messrs C. A. Snow & Co., the successful Patent Solicitors, opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington D. C. have obtained patents. They know their business and conscientiously attend to it. See their advertisement in this paper.

THE government took a step in the right direction when it made it an offence subject to a $50 fine to use the United States flag for advertising purposes, by printing, painting or by otherwise affixing on it an advertisement intended for public display or private gain. The abuse that our national colors are subjected to, at the hands of unscrupulous advertisers, is shocking to say the least.

It is all very well, and even appropriate, that Henry M. Stanly, the African explorer, who is a sort of adopted citizen of America, should be welcomed to our shores, but there is no occasion for gushing over him. It is not love of America that brings Mr. Stanley and his bride to the United States, but love of the American dollar which he hopes to coax out of our pockets by his lectures on Africa. It is always best to look at things just as they are.

A New York divine is just now advocating the enactment of a statute to punish by imprisonment every qualified elector that fails to vote for somebody every time an election takes place. He must have a poor idea of what constitutes the rights and privileges of citizenship of a free republic like the United States. If the state were vested with power to compel electors to exercise their electorial office the same power might prescribe, limit, or forbid its exercise.

ACCORDING to a recent report from San Francisco the problem of what to do with the Chinese residents is about to be solved, in that city at least. Judging from dispatches received all that, the authorities will have to do to get rid of them will be to "plant" them and leave the rest to themselves. A fierce warfare is now existing in that city between the members of the Suey Ong Tong Company and the Hop Sing Tong Society and the extermination of one or the other societies seems eminent.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Ex-Circuit Clerk Phillips is again a resident of our city.

C. T. Heydecker has been in Springfield this week.

Several new houses have been commenced by J. F. Powell.

There is talk of the erection of a number of new business blocks.

The proceedings of the Board of Supervisors is not yet made public.

More and larger factories than have yet come are expected before spring.

The walls of the Starch factory are up two stories and the smoke stack is much higher.

At the last meeting of the Building and Loan Association loans were made aggregating $3,700.

James Bater of Millburn will reside in our city. He has bought the Emery place on Grand Avenue.

W. H. Dow & Co. have pushed the building of their new factory so that it will soon be ready for business.

The Merchant's Carnaval to be held at the Opera House Nov. 28th and 29th promises to be an interesting entertainment.

The marriage of Mayor Hutchinson and Miss Anna Stevens occurred in Chicago Saturday Nov. 8th. Their many friends congratulate them.

The many friends of Frank Hoyt of Waukegan are pleased to learn that he has received a back pension of $400, and will receive a pension of $80 per month.

Albert F. Conrad will enter upon his new official duties as Sheriff of Lake County about December 1st. The present Sheriff, Chase E. Webb, is highly in favor for City Marshall.

County Clerk Dorsett has been ill this week.

The employees at the flour, feed, and grocery store of Wood & Kent recently surprised Mr. Kent, the junior member of the firm by ushering him into an up stairs office furnished by them with a handsome new desk &c.

Citizens are surprised at the immense size of the buildings of the Chicago Safe and Lock Co. as they assume proportions. The work is being successfully carried on. The aim is to have the main building enclosed by Jan. 1st.

Waukegan people appreciate very highly the Sugar Refinery Company for the immense amount of advertising they have done for our city. In one month alone they sent out 18000 maps showing the fine location &c. of Waukegan.

The concert given at the Congregational Church last Friday evening was a decided success. The singing by the Millburn Quartette was one of the pleasant features of the evening. The recitation by Miss Florence Thacker deserves special mention.

Another large factory is about to locate here. Ten acres of ground have been secured just north of the Dow Sash and Door factory for the Corey Car Works, of Chicago. The company will employ six hundred men at first. Credit is due to J. F. Powell for the works locating here.

The Chicago Engraving Company have issued a prospectus of Waukegan Illustrated, in which they propose to publish the many advantages and beauties of our city. Funds are to be prescribed by the citizens. J. B. Craig is looking after the matter for the company and he is meeting with encouragement.

CAMP LAKE.

Geo. Breul took a trip to Burlington Friday.

Miss Susie Hayward visited friends here the past week.

Miss Lulu Jorden has commenced her school at Fox River.

Mike Gallagher has commenced his school at the Peterson district.

Attend the dance at D. E. Lamb's new house Friday evening, Nov. 21.

The friends of Noah Yaw quietly surprised him Wednesday evening in honor of his sixty-third birthday.

HAINESVILLE NOTES.

Hugh Neville has removed to Gray's Lake and taken posession of his new house lately built there.

Miss Amy Morse commenced her winter term of school at Hainesville School House on Monday of this week.

Mrs. Van Huson (nee Frank Wickham) of Cleveland Ohio visited friends and relatives in this place last week.

We hear that Charles F. Hall of Wisconsin will occupy the house belonging to Mrs. Lewis, lately vacated by H. Neville.

A. M. White is building a large sheep barn of capacity sufficient to shelter and feed about one thousand sheep. H. J. Wheelock and C. H. Boyes are the architects.

We have received the following additions to our population since my previous communication; a son to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Crippin, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Tyler A. Gilbert and a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Jason Renehan.

Worden Rinear who was injured several weeks ago by being thrown from a wagon while at Waukegan has been removed to the residence of his brother-in-law, Elder Owen. It is thought that he will eventually be cured, as his condition is very much improved under the treatment of Dr. Rickey.

We had a very quiet election and gave Dighton Granger 190 votes out of a possible 231 and yet the *Record* in its last week's kick still claims that Dighton had very few if any friends and that some other republican could have been elected.

Thine for the right,
OLD FOGY.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale a few more choice full blood White Leghorn Roosters. This breed is noted for their beauty and laying qualities. For prices etc. enquire of C. B. Gaines, Bristol, Wis.

PAY UP NOTICE.

Being about to leave Antioch I desire that all bills due me on Blacksmithing account be paid at once. All bills not paid by December 1st will be left in the hands of a collector.

Respectfully GEO. GNICH,
Antioch Nov. 19th 1890.

Is Good Hair Your Pride?

The undersigned having tried every known remedy to procure a good head of hair has at last found a simple recipe whereby he has obtained a luxuriant growth of hair, and will send treatment and recipe of same to any address upon receipt of 50c in currency. It is highly endorsed and POSITIVELY guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Or it will raise a beard as well. Address H. B. Lyons, Milford, Kosciusko Co., Ind. (Cut this out and tell where you saw ad.)

A Famous Institution.

Educate your sons and daughters by sending them to the Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College, Short-hand Institute and English Training School, located at the corner of Wabash avenue and Washington street, Chicago, Ill. This is the Great Business University of America, and the only college with which the world-renowned firm of Bryant & Stratton are personally connected. Send for copy of magnificent hundred page illustrated catalogue with elegant full engravings.

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THE ANTIOCH NEWS,
BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST.

Mrs. J. A. Turner,
— DEALER IN —
LADIES FURNISHING GOODS,
WOOL AND MERINO UNDERWEAR,
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HOSIERY, NOTIONS ETC.
All goods selected with care and sold
AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
CALL AND SEE ME.
Store in Rogers' building, on Lake Ave.,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

WANTED.—To sell cheap three mare colts, one yearling and two suckers, or will trade them for a good 5 or 6 year old gelding. Must be sound and gentle, otherwise do not apply for trade.
D. SUGAR, Lake Villa, Ill.

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A. CHINN. Auctioneer. J. J. BURKE. Justice.

Chinn & Burke,
REAL-ESTATE,
LOANS AND INVESTMENTS.

We have for sale a number of desirable Residences', lots and farms in and around Antioch, and will attend to all matters pertaining to the renting, sale and transfer of the same.

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT, on real-estate and other good security.

INVESTMENTS MADE, Rents etc. Collected on small commision.

Call in and see us in regard to Investments of all kinds, and learn what we can do for you in this line. Let us hear from you if you wish to buy, sell, let or rent buildings or real-estate of any kind.

Yours for Business,
CHINN & BURKE,
ANTIOCH, - - ILL.

NEW FIRM!
MONTGOMERY & STORY.
NEW GOODS,
— AND —
NEW PRICES.

Call and examine our line of
GROCERIES
— AND —
: PROVISIONS :
HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER & EGGS.
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
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For the Season of 1890.

The undersigned with twenty-five years experience in this and adjoining counties in castrating horses and colts, again offers his service to those desiring them. References by the thousand if called for. Orders by letter or telegram promptly attended to.

THOMAS MCCLURE,
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MISS LIZZIE FIDDLER,
a first-class and experienced
:DRESS-MAKER:
is prepared to do dress-making,
WILL GO OUT BY THE DAY
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MONAVILLE, -:- ILLINOIS,

ONE POUND
PEOPLES
HORSE AND CATTLE
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CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. Sure Cure for Hog Cholera. FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL
THREE CENT SALE!
3 DAYS ONLY!
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24, 25, 26.

The following are a few of the various articles we offer, viz:

1 full size Carpenters hammer. 3 cents.
1 Cake turner, ... 3 cents.
1 Stove-poker, ... 3 cents.
1 Boot-Jack, ... 3 cents.
1 Tea Bell, ... 3 cents.
1 Kitchen Knife, 7 inches long, 3 cents.
1 Broiler, ... 3 cents.
1 new style potato masher, ... 3 cents.
1 box tooth picks, best quality, 3 cents.
1 Clothes line, ... 3 cents.
Pot covers all sizes, ... 3 cents.
1 Quart cup, ... 3 cents.
1 covered tin pail, ... 3 cents.
1 Grater, ... 3 cents.
1 Dinner horn, ... 3 cents.
1 Box Stove Blacking, ... 3 cents.

C. O. FOLTZ,
Antioch, - - - Ills.

WILLIAMS BROTHERS,
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.
Dry Goods, Notions!
CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, CARPETS, RUGS,
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS.
AND IN CONNECTION WITH OUR
HARDWARE STOCK,
WE HAVE ADDED A FULL LINE OF
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
GARLAND COAL AND WOOD HEATERS, RANGES AND WOOD COOKS.
MILK CANS!
THE BEST MADE AND HEAVIEST STOCK TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.
NAILS, PUTTY, GLASS, BUILDING PAPER ETC.
THE MOST COMPLETE GENERAL STOCK IN LAKE CO.
AND SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.
AT OLD STAND FOR PAST 17 YEARS.

Maud S. Curry Comb.
Patented Sep. 3, 1889.
F. G. KENT, Patentee,
WADSWORTH, - ILL.

BROTHER FARMER,

I hold letters of Patent on the MAUD S. CURRY COMB, I cannot sell to Manufacturers they want it all, not leaving me enough to hardly pay Patent expenses. It is the only Comb that is Scientific in principal, Comb and Brush combined; never clogs, wet, or dry, shedding mud water etc. The back move cleans it. Works equally as well in any condition, carrying dirt, water, virmin etc., ahead and off. Good for Scruff, mange, Heat-scabs, pink-eye, eruptions etc. Good for weeding, cleaning trees, cutting grass out of walls etc.

PRICE 25 CENTS, BY MAIL POST PAID.
In lots of 8, 10, 24 etc., by Express, much less, in order to make change.

AGENTS WANTED:
To handle this Comb, in all parts of the United States. A liberal commission allowed responsible parties.

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A good store with dwelling rooms overhead. For particulars call on or address: H. Thacker, Lake Villa, Ill.

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FALL MILLINERY.
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Everything New and of the Latest Styles.
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